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IN DANGER.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Send out the life-boat, love is in danger,
His bark has sprung a leak in the gale,
Storms and shadows are shrouding his vessel,
Hurry the life-boat or love's strength will fail.

Send out the life-boat, love is a-drowning,
Sinking to death in an ocean of dread;
Alas! he hath mounted the third great billow—
Useless the life-boat, for sweet love is dead!

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE man looked incredulous of so much innocence for a moment, but, after a long and steady scrutiny of the pale, grave face with its frank, honest eyes, he looked puzzled.

"Hem! I don't quite see. Ah, yes, I do! These processes have been served on your lawyers, no doubt, my lord. Haven't they now?"

"No," said Lord Cecil quietly. "I have been away in Ireland. I've seen no letters——"

"It's plain enough, my lord," said the officer. "You ought to have your letters forwarded. The court has been under the impression that you've neglected the order out of sheer contrariness, and so these creditors have got the warrant. Ah, my lord, no end of mischief comes of you swell gentlemen not opening your letters. I'm very sorry, but here's the warrant, and I'm bound to execute it."

Lord Cecil did not by any means fully comprehend the man's meaning even yet.

"What do you want me to do?" he said gravely. "Ah, I see, you want to take me to prison!"

"Oh, no, no; my lord, certainly not," said the officer respectfully. "If your lordship will settle the amounts; the banks are open, and close at hand. We might walk to your lordship's bank, and you could give me a cheque."

"Let me see the paper," said Lord Cecil; then his face flushed. "I have not one quarter of this in the bank," he said quietly.

The man looked rather nonplussed.

"Well, I don't know what's to be done," he said, looking at the pavement with a frown. "Your lordship has got friends—I'll go anywhere—to your lordship's rooms, while you communicate with them. Of course, I must have the money. Duty's duty! As a soldier, your lordship knows that."

Lord Cecil nodded.

"Come to my rooms," he said.

The man called a cab, and they got into it and were driven to Clarges Street.

To attempt to describe the valet's face when he saw the kind of person whom his master had brought back with him would be difficult, and quite impossible to picture it when Lord Lord Cecil requested him to get this person breakfast.

"I will telegraph to my uncle, the Marquis of Stoyle, while you are eating it," he said; but the man looked up reproachfully.

"Will you send your man, my lord?" he said significantly, and Lord Cecil started, for he realized that he was a prisoner.

He sent the telegram, requesting the marquis to order his bankers to pay the sum to Lord Cecil's order, then went and stood by the window, and looked out on the street; and in a few minutes he had forgotten the presence of the officer and all pertaining to him.

"Mr. Garland: Miss Marlowe," rang through his brain to the exclusion of anything else.

A couple of hours passed, and the return telegram arrived.

It was short and emphatic—

"Sorry. Quite impossible. Stoyle."

Lord Cecil read it, and with a grim smile tossed it across the table to the officer, who was enjoying himself with one of Cecil's choicest cigars and a glass of whiskey and water.

He looked aghast.

"Good gracious, my lord! What's to be done!"

Lord Cecil shrugged his shoulders, very much as the marquis might have done.

"I do not know," he said.

"But—look here, my lord, this is getting serious—! Isn't there any other friend? Surely your lordship must know ever so many friends as would only too gladly lend you the money! Think, my lord!"

Lord Cecil shook his head.

"I am afraid it is of no use thinking," he said. "I cannot pay the money, and——" he leant against the window, and smiled. "But there is no hurry, I suppose? You can finish your drink."

Before the man could reply, a voice floated through the open window.

"Lord Cecil!"

He started, and looked out. A hansom cab had pulled up opposite his door, and Lady Grace was leaning out and looking up at him.

"Lady Grace?" he said, in amazement.

"Yes, it is I," she said. "Will you come down? I want to speak to you. I could not wait."

He made for the door, but the man rose.

"My lord! my lord!" he said, reproachfully.

Lord Cecil turned pale, then he laughed, and, going back to the window, said, grimly:

"Lady Grace, I cannot come down to you; please go. I will see you—to-morrow."

She seemed to hesitate a moment, then he saw her alight, and a moment or two afterwards she stood in the doorway of his room.

It need scarcely be remarked that it is not usual for young ladies unattended to pay gentlemen visits at their chambers. Scandal is only too ready to seize upon the slightest excuse for the exercise of its malignity, and the fact, if it were known, that Lady Grace Peyton had been seen in Cecil Neville's rooms would be quite sufficient to set evil tongues wagging.

All this flashed across Cecil Neville's mind as she stood in the doorway, a picture of queenly beauty which seemed to light up the room, and made the sheriff's officer stare with all his eyes.

Lord Cecil went forward, a slight flush on his face denoting his embarrassment.

"Lady Grace!" he said.

Then he stopped suddenly, remembering that it would be well not to mention her name before the man.

She bit her lip and looked from one to the other as she gave him her hand.

"I—I thought you were alone!" she said in a low voice full of confusion and anxiety.

The officer rose and made a slight bow.

"I'll step outside, my lord," he said respectfully, and he did so.

"I—I did not know," faltered Lady Grace, looking after him. "Have I done anything very wrong in coming? I did not stop to think. I was so anxious that I thought I would come up to town——"

"Will you not sit down?" he said gravely, and he placed a chair for her.

She sank into it and looked up at him.

"What news is there? Have you heard of her? I can't tell you how anxious I am! Ah! I see by your face that something has happened! What is it?"

"Yes, I have had news," he said in a low voice. "My uncle was right, and you and I were wrong, Lady Grace. Miss Marlowe—" his voice grew grim—"has sailed for Australia."

"Oh, no, no! But alone?" she breathed.

"No, not alone. She went with this Mr. Garland," he said sternly.

She held out her hand to him.

"Oh, I am so sorry! What can I say, dear Lord Neville, to comfort you?"

He smiled wearily.

"Nothing, I am afraid. There is nothing to be said—or done; I have got to bear it, that is all! I am not the only man who has been—jilted." The cruel word left his lips like a note of steel. "Probably my lot is all too common. Yes, I have got to bear it!"

"There—there is no doubt about it?" she asked.

"None whatever," he replied. "I have been down to the office and seen the list of passengers, and her name is among them, together with this man's."

"How bad, how heartless she must be!" she murmured indignantly.

He winced and looked aside: even in this, the first hour of his trouble, he could scarcely endure to hear Doris thus spoken of.

"I don't know," he said. "I can scarcely believe that she has done what she has; it seems more like a dream than sober reality. But I suppose every man in my case feels like that."

"If I could only do something for you!" she murmured, leaning forward, and looking up into his face with the sympathy which, coming from a woman, is so precious to a man, especially when the woman is young and beautiful.

"Thanks, awfully," he said, trying to speak in a conventional tone to hide the acuteness of his suffering, "but, as I said, no one can do anything, except it is our old friend Time. I shall 'get over it'" and he smiled, as the Spartan may have smiled while the fox was gnawing at his bosom.

"You look very tired," she said, after a moment's pause. "What will you do with yourself to-day? Will you—don't think me obtrusive!—but will you come and drive with me—come and do something? I am so afraid that you will sit here and mope." She glanced round, then started and looked up at him, as if with a sudden remembrance of the situation. "But I am forgetting! I—I ought not to be here, ought I? Lord Neville, you don't think ill of me for coming?" and the color rose to her face, and she dropped her eloquent eyes as if with a sudden shame.

"Think ill of you, Lady Grace!" he echoed impetuously. "What, for coming to try and help a poor fellow with your sympathy? I can't tell you how grateful I am! It was a kind action, when not one woman out of a thousand would have done!"

"Ah!" she said, in a low voice; "that is it! One woman in a thousand! Tell me, Lord Neville, and tell me the truth! I have been foolish and—and forward in coming here to you like this?"

If he had told to her the truth, Lord Cecil would certainly have been obliged to admit that she had been foolish; but what man in his position ever does make such an admission?

"I think you have done a very kind action, Lady Grace," he said, gravely. "And—shame to him who thinks ill of it! Besides——" he hesitated.

She looked at him with an intelligent flash of her eyes.

"You were going to say that no one need know. You forgot the cabman and the man outside."

Lord Cecil bit his lip.

"At any rate no one else need know," he said. "The cabman does not know who you are——"

"I engaged him from just outside our own house," she said, in a voice of concern.

"Cabman are discreet," he said, to reassure her.

"But the man—who is he, Lord Neville?"

He wiped his moustache, and made a great business of it.

"Oh! a man I do business with," he said; "nobody of any consequence. He does not know you, I'll answer for it."

She drew a long breath.

"Not until this moment have I realized what I have done," she said, and he saw her lips tremble.

"Don't be uneasy, Lady Grace," he said soothingly. "Let me discharge the cabman and call another——"

"Very well," she said; then she added tremulously, "but will you not come back with me?"

"Of course I will!" he assented promptly, and he seized his hat. "I will come and see Lord Peyton——"

"My father is away yachting," she said; "but come as far as the house, if you will."

"Yes!" Then he stopped and turned crimson, and stared at her, the picture of a man embarrassed beyond measure.

"Oh, what is it now?" she exclaimed, almost clasping her hands.

"Nothing, nothing," he hastened to reassure her, though his voice was anything but re-assuring; "only that I have just remembered that I cannot leave the—the house just at present. The fact is, I have important business with this man, and—and—oh, Lady Grace, I am so sorry! Don't misunderstand! I'd give all I'm worth," he laughed bitterly, and corrected himself, "ten years of my life to come with you, but——"

He turned away, and set down his hat almost savagely.

"I don't understand," she murmured anxiously, and there seemed to him a touch of reproach in her voice which maddened him. "But I will not ask you to explain. Good-bye," and she turned away without offering her hand.

He sprang forward, then pulled up, and with something between a groan and an oath, sank into a chair.

She passed out, closing the door after her. On the bottom of the stairs she found the man sitting with his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head; but he sprang up and removed his hat as she appeared. She made a slight gesture with her hand, and he followed her to the door; there she turned and, and looking at him, calmly said,—

"You are a sheriff's officer?"

He look rather surprised.

"Yes, I am, my lady," he admitted. "I suppose his lordship told you?"

"No matter," she said. "Do you know who I am?"

His eyes dropped before her steady gaze, and he looked rather uncertain how to answer.

"I see you do!" she said.

"Well, yes, my lady. You see, I get about a good deal," he added apologetically, "and anybody who is accustomed to seeing much of the upper ten, knows Lady Grace Peyton."

She looked around as he spoke her name, and bit her lip.

"Yes, I am Lady Grace Peyton," she said; "and I have come to see Lord Cecil Neville because he is in trouble. I am sa-

very great friend of his."

The man nodded appreciatively. He took her words as meaning that she was engaged to Lord Cecil.

"He is in great trouble, is he not?"

"Well, yes, he is," he replied. "That is, he is in just a bit of a hole at present! It's not much of a hole, but he seems as if he couldn't get out of it."

"You have arrested him for debt, have you not?"

"Well, yes, I have," he admitted, almost reluctantly. "I suppose he has told you, and it's no use my denying it, my lady, especially if—begging your pardon for the liberty—you are going to help him; and I suppose you are?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "What is the amount?"

He handed her the paper.

"Is that all?"

"All I'm concerned with," he replied significantly.

"I will pay it," she said, after a moment's reflection. "Will you come with me to the bank?"

He hesitated a moment, then put on his hat with a certain amount of emphasis.

"Yes, I will! It's not usual, but I'd trust your ladyship to the utmost."

"Walk down the street, and beckon the cab to follow, please," she said. "I do not wish Lord Neville to see us together. I do not wish him to know anything of what I have done. Can I trust you?"

"You can, my lady," he said.

They drove in silence to the West End branch of the bank, which was only half-a-mile off, and Lady Grace drew a check for the amount and handed it to the officer, who took it with unfeigned pleasure.

"I can't tell you now how glad I am you came, Lady Grace," he said. "If ever I've had a disagreeable job this one of Lord Neville's was one. Most of 'em treat one like dirt, and give a lot of trouble into the bargain. I've met with rough usage sometimes, my lady; but Lord Neville, though he's young and full of go, so to speak, has behaved like a gentleman, and treated me as if I had the feelings of a man. Yes, he's a nobleman, every inch of him, and—I hope you won't laugh, my lady!—but I declare, if I'd had the money, I'd have lent it him myself rather than taken him off. There's the receipt."

She thought a moment, holding the paper in her hand, then she said:

"Take it to Lord Neville, and put an end to his anxiety; but remember your promise, and do not tell him from whom you got the money."

Then she lowered her veil, and left him.

He walked back to Clarges Street—almost ran, indeed,—and, opening the door in response to Lord Cecil's gloomy "Come in," entered and pantingly surveyed him with a smile.

"Well?" said Lord Cecil grimly. "You are agreeably surprised at finding me here still! Most gaol-birds would have taken advantage of your absence and flown would they not?"

"Yes, they would," assented the man, emphatically. "But I spoke the truth when I said you were a real nobleman. And I didn't hurry back because I was afraid. No!—I knew you'd wait! You are the right sort, you are, my lord!"

"Thanks," said Lord Cecil curtly; "and where have you been?"

"Begging your pardon, my lord, that's a secret; but I've been on business, and there it is!" and he laid the discharge on the table.

Lord Cecil took it up indifferently, then, when he had realized its purport, he started and flushed.

"Why!—what does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means that the claim is settled, and that you are a free man, my lord," said the officer warmly; "and if you'll allow me to offer my respectful congratulations and a word of warning——"

"A word of warning?" said Lord Cecil confusedly.

"Yes, my lord. This business—though it's all right in a legal way—has had a curious feature or two about it. I mean that there's been some underhand work going on: Jews, I expect. You see, though the amounts were owing to several persons originally, they've been bought up by someone—someone whose got a grudge against you! Can you guess who it is?"

Lord Cecil shook his head.

"I know no one who has any grudge against me," he said, still bewildered.

"Very well, my lord, all the more reason that you should keep your eyes open. At any rate, you're clear of 'em now, and I wish you good-day. You won't be sorry to see the back of me, I daresay."

"Stop!" exclaimed Lord Cecil; and the man turned with his hand on the door.

"Someone has paid this money: who was it?"

The man shook his head.

"A friend who wishes to remain unknown, my lord," he said.

Lord Cecil stared at him.

"A friend who—nonsense, man! I must know! Who was it? The marquis?"

The man shook his head again.

"I'm pledged, my lord," he said. "But it wasn't the marquis—confound him!" he added under his breath.

"Not the marquis? I know of no one else—stop!"—his face went crimson—"the lady who was here—" he sprang forward and seized the man's arm in a grip like that of a vice—"was it she?"

"I'm pledged, my lord. I've given my word, I have indeed!"

Lord Cecil dropped his arm.

"You have answered," he said in a low voice, and the officer, after a moment's hesitation, nodded ruefully and went out.

Lord Cecil paced up and down the room with the discharge in his hand. The excitement of the last twenty-four hours, the suspense respecting Doris, the arrest, and now this sudden release, added to his physical exhaustion, told upon him fearfully.

That he owed his escape from the disgrace of imprisonment to Lady Grace he could not doubt. Doris, on whose truth he would have staked his life, had jilted him; his uncle, the marquis, in his hour of trouble, disdainfully deserted him and cast him aside, and this woman, whom he had regarded as a perfect type of worldliness, had come to his aid and freed him.

She had done more than that, for she had risked her reputation in her desire to show him her sympathy with him. She had done that which only one woman in a thousand would have dared to do: come to his room alone and unprotected.

A man is never so tender as regards his heart as in the moment when he is betrayed by one woman and succored by another; and Lord Cecil's heart throbbed with a painful sense of admiration and gratitude towards this woman of the world, the girl whom he had always regarded as just a society beauty, who had, at such fearful risks to her own name, come to his side in his dark hour.

"May Heaven forget me if ever I forget it!" he said to himself, not once nor twice only. "What shall I say to her? What am I to do to show her how I feel about it? And where shall I get the money to repay her? I can't let her be the loser, I must pay her; but how—but how?"

Meanwhile Lady Grace had reached her house in Grosvenor Square, and, going to the drawing room, found Mr. Spenser Churchill seated in an easy chair, reading the last annual report of the Sweeps' Orphan Home.

"Well?" he said, looking up with a bland smile.

She sank into a chair, and began pulling off her gloves, her eyes downcast, her face pale and thoughtful.

"It is done," she said.

"Ah!" he said, with a nod of satisfaction. "You have seen him, then?"

"Yes, I have seen him," she said, in a low voice. "I was only just in time."

He smiled with an air of complacency.

"Oh, I think I timed it carefully," he said. "I knew he would be at the office the moment they opened it; I calculated that he would be arrested shortly after, and that he would go to his rooms and telegraph to the marquis, allowing a little over an hour—say two—for the answer: a refusal, as the dear marquis and I arranged; and there you are, you see!" and he laughed softly.

"Yes," she said; "you arranged it very well."

"Ye—s! And the news at the office. Is he satisfied?"

"Yes, he is satisfied. He saw her name. It did not occur to him to ascertain if she had really sailed; if it had——" she paused significantly.

The philanthropist laughed with unctuous enjoyment.

"But he didn't, you see, my dear young lady. That is just the little risk one has to run; but, after all, it isn't much risk. Why should he suspect that anyone should go to the trouble and expense of booking a passage for Miss Marlowe? And you found him in bonds—just starting for prison?" and he rubbed his hands together with renewed enjoyment. "Poor Cecil! Really it is very sad that one should be compelled to take such strong measures. And yet, after all, will not the lesson be a salutary one? Pride must have a fall, dear lady; pride must have a fall! And our dear Cecil,"—his small eyes glinted maliciously for a moment—"was very, very proud! And you paid the money?"

She looked up with a little start.

"Yes, I paid the money. In fact, I have carried out your instructions to the letter."

"Yes, yes; you are a courageous girl, dear lady. It is not everyone so well known as you who would so far brave the convenances as to go to a gentleman's rooms——"

She looked up at him with a flash in her eyes and with a tight compression of the lips, but he pretended not to notice the warning signs.

"Our dear Cecil ought to be very grateful to you, very! And if I know his generous nature—and I fancy I do—I think he must be. Oh, yes; he will never forget it,—never! Why, bless me, if it were known—if, for instance, any acquaintance had seen you going or departing—what would not be said?" and he held up his fat hands.

She sprang to her feet and stood with her hand pressed against the chair, her bosom heaving, her magnificent eyes fixed upon him with suppressed fury.

"A word, a hint, just a whisper is enough nowadays for the scandal-loving world; and I can just fancy how delighted the society papers would be with such a dainty morsel as the incident of a visit to Lord C——l N——l from Lady G——e P——n. They never print the name in full; oh, no, but everybody understands——"

"Take care!" she breathed. "Do not drive me too far!"

"Oh, yes, yes, we must take care!" he assented, feigning to misunderstand her. "We must not breathe a word of it, of course; must flatly contradict it if we hear a hint dropped. But there, dear Cecil would rather die than admit it!"

"Yes," she said between her teeth, "yes, you speak the truth there; he would rather die than harm should come to me—to anyone—for his sake!"

"Ye—s, he is so high-minded, isn't he? And how does the dear fellow bear this blow? It isn't pleasant to be jilted, is it? Is he resigned? I am curious now, to hear how he takes it!"

"Go to him and ask him?" she said with fine scorn. "Take care, Spenser Churchill! Up to the present your schemes have succeeded. You know best how far they will carry you. To me it seems that you—and I—are walking on a volcano. What if he should find this—this girl?"

"Miss Marlowe, do you mean?" he said, "My dear lady, you forget, she is in Australia!" he said.

"Is she in London?" she asked in a lower voice, and looking away from him. "If so, and he finds her"——she stopped significantly.

He smiled blandly.

"Let me beg of you not to be uneasy, dear lady," he said seriously. "The young lady in question left England nearly a week ago, and there is no chance of our friend Cecil meeting her until it is too late."

"Too late?" she echoed, raising her eyes to his face.

"Yes," he smiled. "Until he is married."

She let her hand fall from the mantelshelf, and a warm crimson flooded her face; and he chuckled unctuously.

"I am quite sure it is time dear Cecil 'ranged himself,' as the French say: it really is time he was married and settled down. Don't you agree with me! Ah, I see it is too delicate a subject. Well, good morning, dear lady. Accept my profound homage and admiration for your courage and generosity in our dear young friend's behalf," and with another chuckle he smiled himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THERE is no place like Florence," said Lady Despard, in her soft langourous voice. "One gets tired of London, and Paris, and Venice! I always fancy, when I'm there, that I'm living somewhere in Regent's Park, near the canal, you know; and as for the country in England, you either get burnt up by the heat, or drowned by the rain. But Florence"—she paused and sighed contentedly—"oh, it's always delicious!"

She was lying in a hammock, swung between two laburnums, on the lawn in front of the Villa Rimini, and she addressed Doris, who sat on the ground, with an open book in her lap, but with her eyes fixed dreamily on the exquisite view, which stretched out in an endless vista of grassy plains, and violet-tinted hills, over which the full moon was shedding its silvery light.

The soft evening breeze came to the two women laden with flowers, as with an offering; there were flowers everywhere; in the long beds, starring the velvety lawns; on the banks, which ran along the limits of the garden; in huge jardinieres, on the terraces and balconies; on the plains, which lay like embroidered cloths beneath them, and over the hills, to which they lent color and perfume.

It was a land of fairies, a land of beauty, in which every breath of wind that blew carried with it the memory of music and song, of laughter and joyfulness.

In a word, it was Florence in the height of her loveliness, crowned as a bride for her bridegroom the Summer, and rejoicing in her splendor.

The Villa Rimini, with its numerous windows twinkling with the recently-lit candles, was one of the most beautiful of the many palatial residences in the "City of Flowers."

It had been a home of one of the ancient princes, and when Lady Despard had first seen, fancied, and bought it, was nearly in ruins; but with the immense wealth at her command, she had restored it, if not to quite its ancient splendor, at least, to a semblance which came very near the original reality.

Marble corridors; vast saloons, with rare hanging and costly frescoes; statues which the Louvre would gladly have bidden for; antique fountains and priceless mosaics were all here as in the days when the princely owners were, indeed, a name and a power in the land.

And here she and Doris had been living a dreamy existence, a period of lotus-eating, for nearly a month.

There was the usual colony of English in Florence, of which the Villa Rimini was, by right of its splendor and the rank and wealth of Lady Despard, the centre.

Her hospitality was limitless, and the Salon of the Princes, as the vast reception room was called, was every afternoon the scene of a gathering which almost resembled a royal levee; while the widely extending grounds were open to those fortunate individuals who had procured an introduction to the wealthy owner.

To the Villa Rimini came also the Florentine nobility: tall, grave-looking Italians, with their high-bred voices and polished manners; men whom Doris always pictured as wearing the silken hose and brocaded tunics of their forefathers in the old Florentine days, when men wore shoes almost as pointed as the swords which were always ready to leap from their scabbards with—or without—the slightest provocation.

Amidst these surroundings, Lady Despard held what might, with little exaggeration, be termed a court; but it may be said, to her credit, the admiration, the adoration she received, did not turn her head; probably because she recognized the obvious fact that she shared her throne with the quiet-looking, soft-voiced girl who had come to her as a companion, and whom she had grown to regard and love as a friend.

Once, when the reception was over and the two women were alone, as they were this evening, she looked at Doris laughingly and said—

"Well, dear, tired of all the adulation and worship, or are you looking forward to to-morrow's repetition? Seriously, my dear, I am beginning to be a little jealous; more than half the pretty speeches this afternoon were addressed to Miss Marlowe, and your bouquets were quite as numerous as mine. Beware of vanity, Doris!"

And Doris had looked up at her with the quiet smile, beneath which always lay an under-current of sadness, and shook her head as she replied.

"The danger is all on your side, Lady Despard. You are the sun, I am merely the shadow. Some day someone will pluck the sun from its place and the shadow will be desolate!

But Lady Despard had laughed placidly.

"No, thank you, dear! I've been married once, and, as they said of the prickly pear, 'No more for me, thank you!' But yours is another case altogether, and I confess that I tremble every day lest you should come and tell me, with that mouse-like little smile of yours, that one of these men is going to take you from me! Ah! what a pity it would be!—for we are so happy, you and I, dear! If girls could only know when they are well off. But they never do. It's only when they have resigned their liberty and given all their heart for about a quarter of some selfish man's that they discover what a fraud matrimony is!"

And Doris had made no reply beyond the quiet, "mouse-like smile," and a little sigh, which was too low to reach her companion's ear.

Not Lady Despard alone, but many another of the frequenters of the Villa Rimini, had wondered that this beautiful English girl should be so irresponsive to the admiration and attentions lavished upon her.

Men of rank and position, for whom the matrons of society angled unceasingly, paid court to her, needing but a smile or word of encouragement to lay their titles at her feet; but the smile nor the word was never extended to them.

As the Princess of Carthage, clad in the mystic veil, moved, like an unapproachable spirit, amongst the suitors at her father's court, so Doris Marlowe lived, surrounded by a barrier of reserve which, vague and untangible as it was, served to keep the most ardent at arm's length.

The past alone was to her reality, the present seemed like a dream; and often as she sat beside Lady Despard, surrounded by a crowd of people laughing and talking, the voices died upon her ears, and she heard only the murmur of the brook in Barton meadows, mingling with the voice of the man who had won her heart and tossed it aside shattered and broken for ever.

Often she wondered whether he had married the Lady Grace—whose name when first she had heard it on his lips had sounded like a knell in her ears.

If stone walls do not a prison make, a crowd cannot destroy solitude, and Doris, in the midst of the brilliant throng which made the Villa Rimini its centre, lived in a mental and spiritual solitude, on the threshold of which only two persons ever trod.

One was Lady Despard, whom she loved, the other was—Percy Levant. She would have treated him as coldly as she did all the others, but it was impossible. He made it impossible by never giving her a chance of repulsing him.

Since the evening he had come to Chester Gardens for the first time, he had never paid her a single compliment, and from his lips alone she never received a single "pretty speech."

Although he slept at the inn, he had a luxurious suite of apartments in the villa, and they met at almost every meal, and frequently during the day, but his manner to Doris was one of studious courtesy toned by a reserve which matched her own.

By the rest he was regarded as the most charming of men. The women secretly—some of them openly—adored him for his good looks, which was remarkable even in that land of handsome faces, and for the exquisite voice which was always at their service.

The men voted him a "good fellow," and were warm in his praises. The reception from which he was absent always seemed lacking in its accustomed brightness, and no dance or outdoor excursion was complete without Mr. Percy Levant.

Perhaps the air of mystery which surrounded him increased the interest he awakened. Nobody knew anything about him except that he was in Florence to study music, and in some vague, unexplained way, to collect materials for a magnificent and unique music-room which Lady Despard intended building in one of her houses, and at some unfixed time in the dim future.

Of himself and his own affairs and past history, he was as silent as Doris was of hers: and people at first inclined to be curious accepted his jwant of a past and were content to take him for what he was, a light hearted waif floating like a bubble on the surface of society.

To the superficial frequenters of the Villa Rimini he did not seem to have a care, and scarcely an object in life, excepting it were to play and sing at all times and seasons, whenever Lady Despard requested him.

But Doris was something more than a superficial observer, and often when in the early morning, or in the delicious gloaming, she was wandering dreamily through the flower-scented grounds, she would come across him pacing moodily beneath the trees, or lying on a bank with his head resting on his hands, and his handsome face darkened by an expression which would have startled his many friends who thought they knew him quite intimately.

At such times he would spring up, dispelling his moodiness instantly, and resume his usual manner; but the impression he had made remained with Doris.

And having seen him off his guard, as it were, she found herself, at odd times, thinking of him. He seemed as alone in the midst of the pleasure seeking crowd as herself.

From thinking of him in an indifferent casual kind of way she grew, all unconsciously, to entertain a vague sort of sympathy for him, which she would never have been capable of if had he lavished compliments upon her as the rest did.

She felt convinced that some shadow lay in his past, and that the ready jest and the fluent laugh only hid a wound which he was too proud to let the world gape at.

This was the first phase of their relation; the second began during the second week of their Florentine life. She became conscious that his presence at the villa contributed not only to the enjoyment of Lady Despard and the rest, but to hers!

In an indescribable way he seemed to know exactly what was wanted at any given moment, and to supply it, and his thoughtfulness strangely enough, always appeared to save trouble to Doris.

From the first day of her coming to Lady Despard she had undertaken the arrangement of the flowers in the various rooms, and she continued to do so in Florence as in London.

The head gardener was accustomed to send up huge baskets of flowers each morning, which Doris would set out and arrange in the various vases and bowls.

It was a long task, and one morning he had entered the salon and found her in the midst of it, looking rather pale and tired, for the room was hot and close with the almost overpowering perfume.

"That is a serious business," he said, in his quiet fashion.

"Isn't it?" she assented, with a smile.

He said nothing more, and passed out; but the next morning Doris found the flowers spread out on a table under an awning in a shady part of the terrace.

"Why, how thoughtful of the gardener!" she said to Lady Despard's maid, who stood near.

"Oh, but it wasn't the gardener, miss," said the girl. "It was Mr. Percy who brought the table out here; he did it himself, and put the awning up."

"It was very kind of him," said Doris, and when he came to breakfast she thanked him.

He bowed slightly.

"It is cooler out there," he said simply, and turned to speak to Lady Despard at once.

A few evenings afterwards a discussion arose respecting a book that had suddenly leapt into popular favor.

"What do you think of it, Miss Marlowe?" inquired an old Italian nobleman, whose breast sparkled with orders.

"I haven't read it, Count," said Doris.

Instantly there was an inquiry for the book, but it appeared that no one possessed a copy.

"Oh, you must read it! I'll send to London for a copy," said the count.

An hour afterwards, someone wanted a song from Percy Levant, but he was nowhere to be found, but presently one of the young men, fo whom there were always more than a sufficient quantity at the villa, came in with a—

"I say, Lady Despard, if Mr. Levant doesn't mind, he will lose that jolly voice of his! I've just met him in the hall, wet through; it's raining cats and dogs, you know! Can't make out where on earth he's been, don't you know!"

A little later, Percy Levant sauntered into the room, and Doris saw him laughing and talking with one and another on his way to the piano, and she thought the lad must have been mistaken; but when all had gone, and she was going upstairs, he came to her with something in his hand.

"There is the book they were talking about," he said. "I fancy it isn't worth the fuss they are making about it."

"Where did you get it?" said Doris.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I was lucky enough to find a copy in the town," he replied.

"Then it was for that you went out and got wet," she exclaimed. "It was very kind, but—was it worth while, Mr. Levant?"

"I thought so, and think so still; but I may be mistaken," he retorted, with his peculiar half-cynical smile. "Good-night," and he moved away, as if the incident were done with.

Gradually she began to realize that in any difficulty he was always by her side. A big pic nic was to be arranged, and Lady Despard, who had got accustomed to leaving everything to Doris, had done so on this occasion; and Doris was up early in the morning to give the necessary orders. She found that all the preparations had been made. Mr. Percy Levant had interviewed the major domo, and the thing was done.

When Doris thanked him he smiled, and courteously cut her short.

"I don't deserve any thanks," he said. "You see, my Italian is not so good as yours, and I was anxious to practise it with the major domo, that's all. We are all moved by selfish motives, Miss Marlowe.

"Not all," said Doris. "Not Mr. Percy Levant."

He started slightly, and fixed his brilliant eyes on her for a second; then, with a laugh, said,—

"Yes, even Mr. Percy Levant."

Twenty times a day she found him coming to her assistance, but always in the same way, always with the same unobtrusiveness, which was almost coldness, but which was very welcome to Doris, contrasted with the fervent, accentuated attention of the rest of the men.

This evening, as she sat beside the hammock,—looking at the stars which were beginning to peep out from the midst of the deep blue of the sky, and thinking of the past,—she was conscious, in a half-troubled way, of recalling one of the innumerable services Percy Levant had rendered her, and she started when Lady Despard said, in her sleepy fashion,—

"I wonder where Mr. Levant is? Has he gone to the hotel? I haven't seen him all the evening. How one misses him, doesn't one?"

"Yes," said Doris. "That is our tribute to his amiability."

Lady Despard laughed.

"He is quite the bright particular star of our group," she said. "Some of our fair Florentine friends are almost mad about him. I shouldn't wonder if he were caught and chained before we leave."

"Yes?" said Doris.

Lady Despard leant over the hammock and regarded her with a lazy smile.

"What a cold little 'yes,'" she said. "I really believe you are the only woman here who doesn't admire him."

"But I do admire him," said Doris, smiling in return. "I think he is the handsomest man I ever saw——" She stopped and picked up the book, for, unnoticed by Lady Despard, he had come up and stood beside the hammock.

"May one inquire the subject of Miss Marlowe's encomium?" he asked, and he looked from one to the other with his usual smile; but, Doris, glancing up at him, saw, or fancied she saw, the shadow of the darkness which she, and she alone, had discovered his face could wear.

"Oh, no one you know," said Lady Despard. "May one ask where you have been all this long while?"

"All this long while! A few hours! What a testimony to one's worth!" he said as lightly as before, but his eyes as they rested on Doris's pensive face were grave and intent. "I have been wandering in the woods listening to the birds."

"While we have been dying to listen to you," said Lady Despard with mock reproach. "We have missed you terribly; haven't we, Doris?"

"Miss Marlowe is halting between truth and politeness," he said, as Doris remained silent. "I will spare her a reply."

"We've had no music to speak of," said Lady Despard. "Won't you sing us something now? Shall we go into the house?"

"No, no," he said, almost abruptly. "Who would exchange this"—and he waved his hand—"for four walls? What shall I sing to you? Let me think."

He thought for a moment, then he began to sing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIAGE IN ALBANIA.—Albanian marriage arrangements are very peculiar. When a damsel arrives at a marriageable age, her parents publish the fact among their friends and acquaintances. Should no suitor come forward, it rests with her brothers to find one. A brother thus circumstanced will sometime come up to a male friend in the street and make the complimentary proposal then and there.

"You are just the man I want to see"—thus goes the abrupt formula on these occasions—"my sister is now fourteen years old; you must marry her."

As etiquette forbids a plump refusal, the gentleman thus honored gives a sort of half-acquiescence, and then hurries off to instruct some old lady to act as go-between.

Should he be satisfied with the report made, after due inquiry, by this adviser, the wedding is arranged; but not until the very last moment is the expectant bridegroom allowed to see his future spouse, and then it would be contrary to the prescriptions of society for him to draw back, however unprepossessing she might prove to be.

Among Asiatics and uncivilized people generally, it is the rule for the bride-elect to feign coyness; but among the Arnauts the bridegroom has to make this pretense.

After the marriage feast is over, and the newly-made wife has withdrawn, her husband lingers behind; and not until he has been subjected to a variety of rough usage by her relatives are the prescriptions of etiquette considered to be sufficiently complied with to admit of his following the lady.

Bric-a-Brac.

ELDER.—Formerly the people of rural England, we are told, used to gather the leaves of the elder on the last day of April, and thus gathered, they were used for curing wounds, and were affixed to doors and windows to disappoint the charms of witches.

IN JAPAN.—In most of the villages of Japan there is a government school, where the children receive a fair education; but, where no school exists, the principal inhabitants secure a young man to teach their children, one giving him clothes another board and lodging, the poorer people giving monthly fees, but the poorest getting their children's education gratuitously.

NUTMEGS.—Nutmegs grow on litt.e trees which look like small pear trees and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe, it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.—With the Druids, Twelfth Day, the 6th of January was the first day of the year. It is only in remote country districts and large mansions that any observance is now made of Twelfth Day, though Twelfth Cakes are still common. On "Rock," or "Saint Distaff's Day," January the seventh, Christmas festivities with our maternal ancestors were supposed to have quite terminated, and spinning was to recommence on the part of the females of the family. That work was resumed in but a half-hearted fashion, however.

THE SHORTEST GRACE.—A writer in "Notes and Queries" asks: "What is the shortest grace before meat?" and the reply is: "We do not know; but one vacation, during hop harvest in this State, we had occasion to pass at noon hour where the pickers were eating their cold dinner and heard a devout Irish mother, as she and her little ones finished their meal and recovered the basket, exclaim: 'Thank God for such a dinner!' That was short, hearty and to the point. If she had made any similar remark at the beginning of the meal it probably was: 'Thank God for such an appetite!'"

JUDAS.—In connection with the old Spanish Mission Church at San Gabriel, Southern California, a curious ceremony is gone through during the week preceding Easter. On Good Friday night an effigy is placed in the middle of the street, standing before a table, on which is a bottle of wine and a pack of cards. This is intended to represent Judas Iscariot, and the vices of drunkenness and gambling to which the Mexicans are so prone. In due course the effigy is hagged, and then buried in a pit. Another ceremony observed on Good Friday, is the carrying in procession of a representation of the Holy Sepulchre, and early on Easter morning a resurrection is enacted.

CABBAGE-STALKS.—The young girls of certain parts of Ireland on Hallowe'en visit the neighboring gardens at night blindfold to tear up cabbages by the root. If the first one seized is a close, white cabbage, an old man is the destined husband; but if an open, green head, then a young lover may be hoped for. Another custom is to make a cake of yellow clay taken from a churchyard, then stick twelve pieces of candles in it, and, kneeling down, recite a form of witch prayer while all the candles are lighted, and a name is given to each one of them. According as the lights burn out, so will the fate be of the person whose name it bears, and the first that is extinguished betokens death.

ORIGIN OF WORDS.—A writer some time ago stated that the word "parent" came from "payer"—one who has to pay—and "rent," because the parent usually has to pay the rent. This is as funny as Dean Swift's humorous notion that "apothecary" was derived from a pot he carries. Swift often ridiculed etymology. He declared that the name of Alexander the Great originated in the following way. The great warrior was very fond of eggs cooked in hot ashes. Whenever he sat down to a banquet the cook, giving the order for the favorite dish to be prepared, would cry: "All eggs under the grate." Strangers who did not know the meaning of this strange order mistook the words for the name of the Emperor.

THE CAPTIVE SUNBEAM.

BY E. H. SHANNON.

A ray of sunshine, that playing late
On the purple bloom of the hill,
Was caught in the grasp of the cold North Wind,
Imprisoned against its will;
And its tears in falling wrapped it round;
In a crystal cage was the sunbeam bound.

And all the day, when the frozen fringe
Like a Princess' girdle shone,
Would the sunbeams come in, their furtive play,
When the Wintry winds had gone;
Yet the mother mourned, as a mother might,
The loss of her beauteous child of light.

And so, when the wind was far away,
A legion of sunbeams came;
And they smote, in their warmth, the crystal cage
Till the hillside seemed aflame;
And the door of its prison flew apart,
As the sunbeam hid in its mother's heart.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BY GREAT GOOD fortune Mary Hale had been able to keep the newspapers containing the news of Tom Darley's escape from Kathleen's eyes. A very bad sick-headache having prostrated her entirely for the whole of the day after her arrival in Claymore Gardens, she was of course incapacitated from any kind of reading, and, as a matter of fact, lay silently suffering in her darkened room, and never remembered there was such a thing as a newspaper in the world. Mary persuaded her to keep to her room for the greater part of the following day; and by that time the danger of her discovering what had happened was at an end.

Meanwhile the felon had truly escaped, and was heard of no more. The days went by, the country had been scoured for in vain, and the rewards offered had produced no result.

What had become of him, where he had disappeared, and how he had effected so complete and clever an escape remained an inscrutable mystery. He seemed to have vanished into thin air, and no trace of him or clue to his whereabouts could possibly be found.

He was generally believed to have made his way abroad; the newspapers got tired of talking about him, and the world forgot his existence.

Two or three days went by uneventfully in the little household in Claymore Gardens. Kathleen thoroughly liked her companion, and began to take a quiet pleasure in the peace of her new life; the color stole back to her pale cheeks and the light into her heavy eyes.

Mary was glad to perceive that she talked seldomer about the tragical events of the past, and seemed less morbidly and unnaturally oppressed with the responsibility which she had tormented her conscience into believing she had incurred.

She did not allude often either to that petition to the Home Secretary which had been so absorbingly on her mind upon her first arrival.

Altogether relived from the daily terrors which had haunted her for so many months past, and from the ceaseless persecutions of the two unfriendly women with whom she had been condemned to live, the poor child began to recover her health and spirits and to take a natural and simple pleasure in the little daily events of their quiet life.

The two ladies led a most tranquil life together, and their excitements and amusements were of a very trivial nature. They bought flowers and pictures to beautify their rooms, Eastern embroideries and high-art curtains, which they draped and hung in every conceivable corner, and little knick-knacks in silver and china to strew upon the tables.

Then they set up a large cage for small birds in the dining-room bay-window; and, having, furthermore, purchased a dog, a cat, and a gray parrot, they discovered that they had plenty of daily occupation in tending and playing with these different pets.

They became quite girlish happy together; and Mary secretly rejoiced to see how enormously Kathleen gained day by day in health and spirits. In little more than a week they had settled down together so harmoniously and happily that it seemed as if they had been living together for years.

One day however all this was swept away, and in one moment all the brightness and peace of Kathleen Elwyn's new life was overcast and shattered, and she was plunged once more into all the horrors of anxiety and terror.

Mary Hale had been out all day. She had gone to pay a duty-visit to an old lady, an aunt of her father's, who lived at Sydenham. She went to spend the day with her, starting immediately after breakfast, and promising faithfully to be back to dinner.

Afterwards she felt that she would have given anything on earth if the fatal notion of going to do her duty by this old aunt had never entered her head.

She left Kathleen quite happy and full of business. She was engaged in painting a deal stand for the parrot's cage with Aspinall's paint, work which it was impossible to leave half completed.

She worked at it till luncheon-time, and then, having succeeded in smearing her hands and dress all over with scarlet paint, she proceeded to cleanse the former and change the latter, and conceived that she had made enough mess for one day's pleasure.

She had meant to go out after luncheon, but went back to her painting instead, and became so engrossed in it that it had begun to get dark and foggy before the clamoring of her little Yorkshire terrier to be taken for a run reminded her that daylight had nearly gone.

But for the little dog she would probably not have gone out at all, for the day was cold and cheerless and untempting; but fate, through the agency of Nip, willed it otherwise, and she put on her walking-things and went out.

It was really getting dark when, after a brisk walk, she turned to go home, and a choking yellow fog of the nature aptly described as "pea-soup" began to wrap everything in a thick and unsavory mantle. Kathleen, who had taken her dog into Kensington Gardens, began to walk very quickly; the fog got down her throat and made her eyes smart.

Just as she was nearing the gate leading into Kengington Road, she perceived that she was closely followed by a very ragged-looking man, and her heart was touched by the terrible racking cough which seemed to tear him to pieces.

It was not in Kathleen Elwyn's gentle and womanly nature to listen unmoved to such heart-rending evidence of suffering. The man made no attempt to beg; he only walked behind her, and coughed and coughed as though his very life was being torn out of him by violent paroxysms that shook his whole frame from head to foot. She turned round suddenly and faced him.

"You have a terrible cough, my poor man, and you ought not to be out in such weather. Can I do anything to help you?"—and instinctively she drew her purse out of her pocket.

The man stood staring at her. He wore a soft felt wideawake, very battered and dirty, pulled low over eyes that seemed, so far as she could see in the dim light, to be haggard and hungry-looking, and a stubby black beard, covering nearly all the lower part of his face, gave him a strange and wild appearance.

For a few moments he seemed unable to speak; but she noticed that he started violently when she came close to him, and that he trembled from head to foot. Kathleen drew a sovereign out of her purse.

"Will you go and get yourself some medicine for your cough with this, and then take my advice and go home at once?"

"I have no home!" he said, in a low hollow voice.

He did not put out his hand to take the soverign.

"No home?" she repeated. "What are you going to do then? You cannot be out at night with such a cough! Where are you going to sleep?"

"In the street perhaps—or, better still, in the river!"

"Oh, but this is terrible!" cried Kathleen much distressed. "You must not speak like that—you must let me help you! Will you not go and get yourself a lodging if I give you money?—or, there are houses of nightly refuge."

"Oh, no, no, no—I cannot go to any of those places!"

Then suddenly he fell upon his knees on the path beside her and caught hold of her dress with his large, thin and bony hands.

Kathleen uttered a stifled cry. She was really frightened by his extraordinary conduct, and endeavored to disengage her skirts from his clinging hands. For one wild moment she looked round for help; but there was not a living soul within sight—only the thick impenetrable wall of fog which was fast closing in on every side of her.

And then the wretched man, who was now coughing so violently as to be incapable of speech, managed to find at last the faint echo of a hollow voice, and, to her amazement, the broken accents murmured her own name.

"Kath-leen—Kath-leen—have mer-cy!"

Then she knew him. It was no other than Tom Darley.

"Tom, Tom," she cried in a terrified whisper, "is it really you? Great heavens, how do you come here? How have you got out of prison?"

"Did you not hear I had escaped? I lay for two days in a ditch under a heap of rotting leaves; I heard them hunting the country all round me. I had nothing to eat but some berries; I was wet to the skin. Then at last they got tired looking for me. I got away, and I took the clothes from a scarecrow put up to frighten the rooks in a field, and I buried my prison things deep in the earth; and ever since I've tramped all night and lain close in ditches and woods all day, and I've begged for a crust of bread here and there. And then by good luck I picked up a purse with a few shillings in it; and so I got a waggoner to give me a lift one day, and I got a loaf of bread in a village. But I never dared stop at night or rest lest the police should catch me up. Don't give me up to them, Kathleen! I'm a dying man—I've got my death-chill from lying out in the wet, and the pain through my chest is just awful! Be good to me, Kathie, for the sake of old days—hide me somewhere where I can die in peace—don't let them take me back to prison! I'm dying, I tell you—dying—dying!"

A fresh paroxysm of caughing convulsed the poor wretch.

"I'm dying, Kathie!" he moaned again. "I killed your fine lover because of you; but now I shall never get you, and I am punished enough. Have pity on me—have pity!"

Kathleen was very pale, and there was an awful sense of horror upon her at the dreadful position in which she found herself; but nevertheless a divine compassion filled her heart towards this poor lost creature who crouched at her feet in his agony, and whose only prayer was that she would help him to die in peace.

With all her slender strength she took hold of his arms and helped him to arise to his feet, and made him lean upon her as she led him away

Not for one moment did she hesitate as to what she would do, or shrink from the horrible spectacle of this degraded and sin-stained creature whom it seemed to her that Providence had led thus purposely to her in order that she might befriend him.

"You will not give me up to justice, Kathie," he asked her anxiously, as she supported him towards the gate of the Gardens—"to a shameful and horrible death?"

"My poor Tom, Heaven has stricken you enough for your sin!" she answered softly. "Man shall let you alone now. I am going to take you to my home. Can you walk? I think it will be hardly safe to take a cab."

And so, with his arm under hers, slowly and painfully they walked to Claymore Gardens together. Kathleen never spoke a word to him; she was maturing her plans and arranging what she would do.

Poor Tom coughed frightfully at intervals, and she was frequently obliged to stand still for whole minutes at a time whilst the fits lasted. At length they reached her own door. She opened it with her latch-key, making as little noise as she possibly could, although her heart was beating loudly and she trembled from head to foot with nervousness.

But luckily it was the servants tea-hour, and they were all down-stairs in the basement; she could hear their voices laughing and talking together below. By great fortune too, Tom was for the moment free from an attack of coughing; so, motioning to him to step softly, Kathleen led the way up-stairs. She took him into the small spare room on the upper-floor which had never yet been occupied, and, telling him to wait there till her return, she locked the door upon him and took away the key in her pocket.

Nearly two hours later Mary Hale, having been much delayed on her return journey from Sydenham by the fog, arrived at Claymore Gardens. Kathleen met her in the small hall, and at the very first glimpse of her pale scared face, Mary could see that something very serious was amiss with her. Kathleen beckoned to her to come into the dining-room, and then carefully closed the door.

"Something is the matter!" cried Miss Hale. "You are as white as a sheet and look frightened out of your wits! What has happened, Kathleen?"

"Mary, do you remember the night we arrived here—how I asked you to make me a promise—a promise to help me to save that unfortunate man who murdered my poor cousin, and whose fate has been for years strangely bound up with mine?"

"I remember it perfectly, Kathleen. And now I suppose you have found out what I have hitherto managed to conceal from you—that the wretched man has escaped from Clorchester Goal?"

"You knew it then," cried Kathleen reproachfully—"you knew it, and did not tell me? Oh, Mary!"

"Dearest Kathleen, I thought it would pain you needlessly and upset you to no purpose. Forgive me if I acted unwisely! I did not see what good could be gained by telling you. I thought you would hear it after a time from Sir Adrian Deverell—I felt certain he would tell you. Has he been here?"

"I have not seen Sir Adrian."

"Then who has told you?"

"No one."

A dreadful suspicion came into Mary's mind—Kathleen must have met the escaped murderer! Her eyes must have revealed her thoughts, for Kathleen answered her look.

"Yes; you have guessed it, Mary. I have found poor Tom."

"Good heavens, Kathleen! Where did you meet him? What happened? Where is he now?"

"He is here," Kathleen answered gently, with a sad smile.

"Here—in this house? You brought him here I suppose? Oh, but this is horrible!"

"My dear Mary, be calm and listen to me! I assure you——"

"I cannot listen to you!" cried Mary, with vehemence. "Nothing can explain away the fact that the man is here! Where is he?"

"Up-stairs in bed in the spare room. Mary, he is very ill!"

"He cannot remain here! He must not stay under your roof to make you a public scandal! Dearest Kathleen, you must be out of your senses to do such a thing! I entreat you to think of yourself! As it is, what can the servants think?"

"The servants know nothing. I brought him into the house myself; no one saw us come in. I got him up-stairs, and made up the bed and set light to the fire myself; and by this time he has gone to bed. Mary, don't look so scared and frightened! The poor fellow is dying, I tell you; I am certain he cannot live two days. He has inflammation of the lungs; I know enough about illness to see that."

"But my dearest Kathleen, consider the awful responsibility we shall be incurring!" urged Mary distractedly. "How are you to conceal his presence here from the maids—and how hide his identity when they have discovered him? And then what are we to do about a doctor, and who is to nurse him?"

"I have thought of it all, Mary. Now that he is in the house, he is safe, because the maids need never go into his room. They are young and inexperienced, and it will be quite natural that we should exclude them from a sick bedside. Presently you and I are going up-stairs, and I shall ring the bell and tell them that your cousin—Mr. Jones—who brought you home just now was taken very ill in the cab and that we have had to put him to bed."

"My cousin? Oh!"

"Dearest Mary, you must agree! Did you not promise me?"

"Yes, yes, Kathleen—I did promise certainly, and I will keep my promise. But you rather take my breath away. Besides, you have not answered all my questions. What about a doctor?"

"Mr. Jones is peculiar, and will not see doctors. When he is actually dying, we will call one in, so that there may be no trouble afterwards; it will then be too late to move him. All we can do for him now is to give him nourishment and soothe his last hours. You and I are going to nurse him."

"But suppose he should get better?"

Kathleen shook her head.

"He will not get better; there is death in his face. If such a miracle as his recovery does take place, we must help him to escape abroad. I have thought of that too, and I think it could be done. Mary, if you only knew what this is to me! It seems a sort of reparation for all my sins and mistakes—a means put by Heaven into my hands to expiate my faults by extend-

ng mercy and pardon to this man who, in his sinful ignorance, has blackened and threatened my life ever since I left the old Dobson's house, and who has steeped his hands in crime by my blunder and for my sake."

Mary Hale was too thoroughly practical a woman to agree entirely with Kathleen's ideas; but she could not help being touched by the tender heart and forgiving charity which could account it a privilege to nurse and tend so vile an enemy, and she could not but admire the woman who, instead of recoiling with loathing and horror from the criminal, was ready to own to her portion of the blame and to do what she could to save him from his doom.

"God is the Judge," said the girl solemnly, her dark eyes fixed seriously upon her friend.

"Why should we seek to question His decrees? I have prayed that I might save his life; and God has sent poor Tom here to die in my house as an answer to my prayer. I shall not shrink from the duty He has given me to do."

She held out her hand to Mary and led her up stairs.

Not much hope or fear of recovery! Mary saw at a glance, as, half shudderingly, her eyes fell upon the rough haggard face lying with closed eyes and struggling breath upon the white pillows, that Tom Darley's doom was indeed sealed, and that the term of his life might be measured by hours rather than by days.

Silently and without any further words the two girls took up the work that lay before them. The little blameless lie concerning "Mr. Jones" was told to the servants, who apparently believed it, although the lady's maid did exclaim—

"Law, ma'am, however did you get the poor gentleman up stairs so quiet? You should have rung for us to come and help you."

Beef-tea and chicken-broth, turtle-soup and champagne, were speedily procured and carried to the door of the sick-room where Kathleen presided, whilst Mary waited upon her and carried out her most minute directions; but, in spite of warmth nourishment and stimulants, poor Tom grew hourly weaker and weaker, and it soon became evident to the two watchers that the end could not be very far off.

All through that weary night and all through the next weary day they sat in turns by his bedside and did all they could for him, and at length even Mary became tender-hearted towards the dying wretch who lay helpless and suffering, and was inclined to forgiveness rather than to condemnation.

"If we were hospital-nurses or sisters of charity," she said once, in a whisper to Kathleen, "should we nurse him any the less tenderly because he was a wretched criminal?"

And Kathleen thanked her with a glance and a pressure of the hand.

At length the time came when, as Kathleen had foreseen, poor Tom was beyond the reach of law and justice, and beyond the knowledge also of all terror and apprehension.

He became utterly unconscious. Man might do his worst now; the impenetrable veil had fallen for ever upon his mind, and he would die in peace.

"Now we must send for a doctor," said Kathleen decidedly. "It is necessary, to avoid future inquiries and suspicions, that we should do so—and nobody can give him up to justice now."

The doctor—an unknown practitioner living in the next street—was summoned.

"Kathleen," said Mary suddenly to her, "there is somebody else who should be sent for without a moment's delay—and that is Sir Adrian Deverell. He is a friend of yours; he promised to help you with your petition. It is not right that he should remain in ignorance of what has happened. You must tell him the truth."

The girl was standing on the landing outside the sick-room door, whilst the doctor was doing the little he could for the dying man. The color rose slowly in Kathleen's face. She had never told Mary of her love.

"I—I do not think I can send for Sir Adrian, Mary," Kathleen began hesitatingly.

At that moment the maid came up the stairs.

"Sir Adrian Deverell is in the drawing-room, ma'am; he wishes to speak to you very particularly."

And, as Kathleen passed quickly down the stairs, the doctor came softly out of the bed-room and said to Mary:

"The poor fellow is dead!"

* * * * * * *

In visiting Kathleen in her London house Sir Adrian Deverell had no intention of unworthily yielding to the temptation which to linger in her presence had long since become to him. On the contrary, he told himself very straightforwardly that all intercourse betwixt him and her must in the future necessarily come to an abrupt end.

It was impossible that he could continue to be the friend of a woman whom his wife declined to know. He had done his best to soften Lucille's heart towards the friendless orphan and to induce her to hold out a kind hand to her; but he had utterly failed in his endeavor, and there was therefore nothing left to him to do save to avoid the society of the girl he had so ardently desired to befriend.

For her own good name's sake, if for nothing else, this would be necessary when he was married to Lucille.

Moreover, Adrian knew his own weakness. He loved Kathleen, and he knew that she loved him. This being the case, he was determined that when he was married no trying meetings for him and for her should take place.

He would not imperil his honor, and his duty to the woman who would be bound to him; nor would he risk the peace of mind of the woman he loved.

Nevertheless, before the day arrived which was to part her from him for ever, there was a duty which it was still his place to perform for her—and this duty he was determined to fulfil.

He had made it his business to sift the causes of her father's death and to clear her name from aspersions which he was convinced were cruel and without foundation; he was also bound to fulfil his promise of seeing her safely rid of all connection with the hated name of the wretched Darley.

He made up his mind that when he had seen her through these difficulties—when he had vindicated her name so that it should be left as fair and spotless as herself—then, and not before, would he marry Lucille Maitland and bid Kathleen an adieu that to the very best of his power should be eternal.

Filled with these thoughts, he had walked down to Claymore Gardens this afternoon firmly resolved to do this, and no more than this. His friendship he would prove to her; his love he was determined to subdue.

His face as he greeted her was grave and even cold, the clasp of his hand was no more than friendship required, and, although inwardly his heart beat wildly at the sight of her beauty and sweetness, no sign of his emotion could be discovered in the quiet and commonplace words which he addressed to her.

He had come to inquire after her health, and he had come to speak to her about the escape of the prisoner from Clorchester Goal. A curious silence fell upon her as he mentioned it.

She sat down and looked at her own trembling hands as they lay clasped together in her lap. As in a dream, she listened to his words.

"They have not yet caught him, you know. I have been in Scotland Yard and made inquiries of the chiefs of the department. There is no news of him; it is believed that he has escaped abroad—and yet every ship carrying passengers which has left the principal ports in England has been searched in vain. For your sake—and for his too, poor wretch!—I could not but rejoice if we were never to hear of him again. He has perhaps got away in some fishing-smack—and there has been rough weather; many boats have been lost about our coasts. There is indeed a faint clue that such is the case; a man answering in some ways to the description of him did sail just before the storms of last week in a herring-smack bound for the North Sea which is believed to have gone down with all on board. Kathleen, I earnestly hope that poor Alfred's murderer was that man. It would be, I am sure, a relief to you to feel that he had perished as many brave men have died, and that the companion of your childhood has been spared a more shameful death."

Still Kathleen sat with bent head and answered nothing. Then the door opened softly, and Mary Hale crept in, and, going up to Kathleen's chair, whispered something in her ear. She started and looked up with awe-struck eyes.

"This is Sir Adrian Deverell, is it not?" said Mary.

Adrian bowed.

"Have you told him, Kathleen?"

"No; I am afraid to tell him, Mary. Will you tell him for me?"

Then she turned and hid her face on Mary's shoulder.

Deverell looked in bewilderment from one to the other. Even at that moment he was struck with Mary Hale's sensible pleasant face, and felt inspired with a confidence as to her suitability to be Kathleen's companion.

"There is not very much to tell you, Sir Adrian," she said seriously, "and yet it is most important that you alone of all people in the world should know the truth. Under the assumed name of Thomas Jones a poor escaped criminal, five minutes ago, died peacefully and without consciousness upstairs."

"Great heavens, do you mean Darley? He has died in this house?" exclaimed Adrian startled excessively by so unlooked-for piece of news.

Mary nodded.

"Yes; a doctor has seen him within the last hour, and is now signing the certificate of his death from acute inflammation of the lungs. Kathleen and I have nursed him under this roof for thirty-six hours. The case was utterly hopeless from the first. The Doctor, Mr. Blakely, is most kind; he will see to all that is necessary; he quite understands that my cousin Thomas Jones had just come home in broken health from New Zealand, and that, save myself, he has not a living relative on this side of the world. Do you understand, Sir Adrian?"

For it was thus that Mary had perfected and worked out the little romance concerning the poor sinner who had just passed to his judgment at another and higher tribunal than those of this world.

Everything subsequently was carried out quietly and with no trouble.

Mr. Blakely was a somewhat easy-going young man, and Mary's gray eyes and soft-toned voice had not been without a certain effect upon him. He was ready to take everything she said for granted, and to do everything she asked of him. When she said a little pathetically to him—

"Pray keep the whole thing quiet for us, Mr. Blakely. My poor cousin was not a relative to be proud of—he had been the black sheep of the family in his youth; for my own sake and that of my friends, I do not want this unfortunate affair talked about or inquired into."

Then Mr. Blakely promised eagerly that he would attend most scrupulously to her wishes.

"But," he said—and it was not the first time he had said it—"you ought to have summoned me earlier; it was not right not to call on a medical man at once."

"I know that," answered Mary, with quite a humble and penitent air; "but the poor fellow had such an unreasonable horror of doctors, and I felt there was no hope from the first moment I met him at the docks and brought him here. That is one reason why I want you to help me, because I am afraid I might be blamed for not doing all I might have done."

"No one shall blame you; leave it all to me," answered the young physician, fervently, as he stood holding her hand in the hall—in fact, he stood holding it for a somewhat longer period than politeness strictly required, and then, after a pause, he added suddenly, "And after the funeral and all this trouble is over, would you allow me to call and see you—just as a friend, you know—in order to prescribe a little tonic for you? I don't think you look very strong."

Mary, looking up suddenly into Mr Blakely's face, discovered for the first time that he was rather a good-looking young man, and blushed a little as she made the discovery. And then—she never afterwards could tell why—she gave him the permission he had asked for—to call and prescribe a tonic for her.

So Tom Darley was buried in an unknown grave in the heart of one of the great London cemeteries; and to this day only three people in the world know that he was not Mary Hale's New Zealand cousin, Thomas Jones.

One question that Adrian had put to Kathleen upon the occasion of this his first visit to her was whether she could tell him where he could find Mrs. Hyam, the hired nurse who had attended her father. Kathleen had answered him much as Lady Elwyn had done.

"No; I cannot tell you. I believe she came from some nursing institute. But no doubt Doctor Grieves at Clorchester could give you her address."

"I have written to him; but I think he must be away. He has not answered my letter."

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know for your sake, Kathleen."

"I do not understand."

"There seems to be some mystery about your poor father's last moments. You know we have talked of this before. I am determined to get to the bottom of it."

"I do not see for what purpose," answered the girl wearily—and her eyes filled with tears. "Nothing can bring him back to me. Why not let it all rest?"

"It cannot be allowed to rest," replied Adrian a little sternly; and then suddenly he bent forward, and, taking her hand in his, said very earnestly. "Kathleen, there are persons—your enemies—who wickedly say that you were indirectly the cause of your father's sudden end!"

"Oh, how cruel—how terribly cruel!" she exclaimed, in deep distress. "It is Lady Elwyn, I suppose? She has disliked me and been unkind to me ever since the first day she set eyes upon me. It is she and—and——"

And then she stopped short and colored deeply all over her face and throat.

"Yes," he answered hurriedly; for he knew the other name that had trembled upon her lips, but which, for his sake, she was unwilling to utter. "Yes; and Lady Elwyn has half converted the old Duke by her insinuations against you as well, I fear."

"My father's old friend! Oh, it is too much!" cried the girl, wringing her hands together.

"Now, Kathleen, we must stop this scandal—you and I between us," said Deverell firmly.

"Alas—how? It is almost an impossible thing to arrest a slander that has once been set afloat. If they only knew how I loved my dear father—how I miss him every hour that I live—how I would give my very life to bring him back only for a single hour!"

"I know—I know!" he murmured consolingly. "And so, for the sake of that love, my dear, I ask you to dry your tears and to help me to get at the truth of these accusations."

"You are very good to me, Sir Adrian; I will do anything you tell me to do," she answered humbly.

She struggled with her tears and prepared to listen to him with calmness.

"Kathleen, now this poor wretched man is dead, I pray you have no concealments from me about him. Was there anything in your relations with him that—that might have given your father his death-warrant had he discovered it? Ah, forgive me for asking! I entreat you not to be angry with me!"

She had sprung to her feet and flung away angrily the hand that had rested upon her wrist.

"How dare you ask it? Can you believe such evil things of me?" she cried indignantly.

"I? Great heavens, no—I believe nothing of you but what is good! Do not do me such a frightful injustice even in a moment of anger! But I implore you to tell me the whole truth, so that I may not be found fighting your battles in the dark."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIDN'T HANKER AFTER IT.—Certain over-delicate sensibilities may well be shocked by brutally practical suggestions. Mrs. Cook had been superintending her poodle's bath, and, after the operation was concluded, sat down in the back yard to rest.

"I can't help thinking Elsie is careless with dear Fido," she said to the washerwoman, a broad shouldered, good natured creature, who was hanging out the clothes, "Elsie makes him nervous every time she does anything with him. I begin to think I shall have to trust his bath to some one else. How would you like to undertake it, Mrs. MacLean?"

The washerwoman shook her head,

"Beggin' yer pardon, mum, I ain't hankerin' afther that kind of a job."

"No, but really," said Mrs. Cook, bending forward in interested consideration, "let us think it over. Now how would you begin to give Fido his bath?"

The washerwoman thought it over as she was requested to do. Then she smiled broadly.

"If 'twas left to me, mum," she announced, "I think I'd put him aisak over night, an' then run him through the wringer!"

And, strange to say, she was never asked to perform the operation.

THE VIEWS OF A VETERAN CHAPERONE.—"Doesn't Mrs. Maxwell believe in coeducation of the sexes?" Coeducation? I should say not! Why, she believes that a girl ought to be raised so carefully that when she sees a man she will say, 'What is that, mamma?'"

WIFE (to husband at the end of a spat) —"The fools ain't all dead yet." Husband: "They ain't, eh?" Wife: "No, or I would have the amount of your insurance policy before this."

FADED BLOSSOMS.

BY T. D.

She gave me the flowers on our parting day,
As a pledge of our life-long love;
In the spring of youth when hearts are gay,
Ere sorrow had chased our hopes away,
And the sun shines bright above.

I bore them high in the world's fierce fight,
Mid praise or blame of men,
In noon day blaze, and blackest night,
When death was near, and no guiding light;
My heart was constant then.

My love is lost; but the blossoms sweet
Shall be laid on my lifeless breast,
As a pledge of truth on my winding sheet,
When in wild embraces our hearts shall greet
The dawn of an endless rest.

Tamed.

BY E. W. P.

ABOUT NOON ONE bright August day Darice Boyne, "doing" his annual outing, stood on the top of a stretch of rugged cliff, gazing down at the golden beach below.

He was in knickerbocker costume, becoming to a tall, well-made figure; the breeze had brought a healthful glow to his handsome face, and fluttered the ends of his fair moustache.

"I wonder if I could do it?" he soliquized. "It looks easy, and it's such a plaguy way round to the back by legitimate means."

His purpose was to descend the cliff to the shore. From where he stood it certainly did not appear difficult. The surface was sufficiently rugged for foot and hand hold.

"At least I'll try," he decided; "I can but return."

Soon he had descended some twelve to eighteen feet, reaching a ledge where he had to pause to consider the next step, which presented difficulties.

"Nonsense!" he muttered. "A firm foot and a steady eye will overcome all of them."

Already he had prepared to proceed, when a voice arrested him:

"If you go any farther you are bound to break your neck, so you had better remain where you are."

Darice glanced round startled, for he had believed himself alone.

The voice was a feminine voice, and musical, despite the abruptness of the speech.

There was no one at the top of the cliffs—no one.

"Good Heavens!"

The ejaculation was his, for suddenly he had beheld, about for or five yards from him, perched like a seagull on the ledge of the cliff, which to him looked exceedingly dangerous in the extreme, a wild, elfish being.

Was it a girl? Yes. Slender of form, in blue serge short sleeved bodice and skirt, a white kerchief about her throat, with her long dark hair tossed about her dark face, from amid the tresses of which shone a pair of sparkling eyes, while her raised hands clutched a projection near her head.

The ledge on which she sat was, in comparison to his one, like a dessert to a carving knife, yet she rested there, swinging her foot over the fearful abyss with the greatest composure.

"In Heaven's name be careful!" cried Darice, aghast. "How ever did you get there?"

"How ever did you get there!" laughed the girl, with a rough ring of scorn. "It is you, I expect, who must take care, young man. Here, make room, I will come to you."

Springing up lightly, she made her way towards him with a swiftness and want of precaution that made his blood run cold. Finally, with a bound, she settled by his side.

"Are you mad, or a bird!" he exclaimed, wiping his face. "I never felt so queer in my life!"

"You would have felt queerer," laughed the girl, displaying a set of dazzling white teeth, "if you had gone down there. Why, you are pale."

"Not on my own account, but on yours. I never saw anything so dangerous!" he replied.

"Danger! There is none in that. I am used to it. But you are not, you see. That is why I say you must not go down there. There's a part you would be sure to slip. It's treacherous, and you would be dashed to the beach. Only last year two tourists were. I could do it. Shall I show you how I can?"

"Decidedly not!" cried Darice, in horror, catching her arm. "If you have no objection to breaking your neck, I have to see you do it. I'll not have it!"

She turned her face quickly towards him, pushing back her hair.

He was startled. For the first time he saw it well. What a lovely—nay, splendid face it was! The features were delicately formed and refined, the complexion perfect. The large, brilliant eyes, the small mouth, the firm, round chin, all full of the pride, the disdain of an empress.

What wild, beautiful, untamed creature was this, whose home was amongst the rocks?

"And if I were killed, who would care?" she asked, with a reckless movement of the small head. "The people yonder"—indicating the fishing hamlet—"would rejoice!"

"You must have a father—a mother; surely, you must have someone who would care!"

"No; no one," she laughed shortly. "I care for no one; no one cares for me. We hate each other."

"Well, then," remarked Darice, "I should care, so you see, you are entirely wrong."

"You!"

Again she looked at him, and the hard, defiant expression in her beautiful eyes softened.

"Do you mean that?"—then abruptly resuming her former manner—"I don't believe it; or perhaps you say it because I have saved you from being dashed to pieces. And I have, you know. I don't know why I did. But let's go back to the top."

Agilely she ascended. Darice followed less quickly, wondering more and more at this wild being, with whose beauty he was as much struck as with her manner.

She turned towards the hamlet, and Darice walked by her; descending the steep path to the straggling cluster of fishers' cottages, there came into view a pool left by the sea.

About this some half-dozen urchins were gathered, their merry laugh, as they busied themselves with some amusement much interesting them, breaking the still summer air.

"Imps!" cried the girl, wrathfully, and to Darice's amaze, like a flash she had darted from his side into the midst of the group, scattering it on every side, and even into the water, then retreated slowly a pretty little kitten the urchins had been half-drowning nestling its wet little coat close to her chin.

The children's cries brought out a rough-voiced virago.

"You lump of darkness," she vociferated, looking a perfect fury, "how dare you touch my boy?"

"How dare you address me?" retorted the girl, drawing herself fearlessly erect. "Children—they are imps! They will be bad men—murderers. It isn't they to blame—it's you, their mothers—you teach them to be cruel—you let them torture creatures, crabs, dogs, flies—they love giving pain—they will be murderers. It serves you right! Overlook you—I wish I could—I would overlook you all—you are too cruel, too ignorant to live!"

Darice stood amazed.

Beautiful! The girl was splendid, she entranced him. What pride, what scorn, what fire! How eloquently the words poured from her lips!

The virago cowered before them; clutching her boy, she retreated, her eyes on the girl, who, as if she brushed her from her memory, without further heed moved on, fondling the kitten.

It was evident she had forgotten Darice, who, interested, curious, turning, made his way towards the village, not a mile distant.

On the outskirt of it stood a cottage with porch, adjoining a small whitewashed one-roomed building, the school; the cottage was the schoolmaster's, where Darice had lodging.

The schoolmaster was busy with his simple flowers in the little garden when Darice accosted him.

"I have asked you for much information respecting you grandly beautiful country," he said, "I now come for more. I have today seen a girl, a wild sea-bird among the cliffs——"

"Ah!" interrupted the schoolmaster, "you mean Miriamne."

"My kind friend you have no difficulty in guessing?"

"No, since two such untamed splendid creatures I should deem impossible to exist."

"Untamed and splendid indeed. Who is she?" asked Darice.

"I will tell you her history in a few words. About sixteen years ago there came over the heights on foot, from whence none knew, a Frenchwoman, olive of skin, in white cap, short petticoat, with the usual gold earring; she had Miriamne with her, a child of two years. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but she made her home at the hamlet. She made pretty things, for she could work skilfully, and twice a month she sold them in the town. She was good-looking—they say even handsome—but the people had their doubt as to the child being her own. She kept herself much to herself, never making confidences. Miriamne was permitted to roam where and how she pleased. The people were first curious, indifferent, then they feared. There was something 'uncanny' in the dark-eyed, reticent foreign woman. When Miriamne was eight, her parent, if she were her parent, died. It was discovered Estelle Legrace had hoarded some money; with this the clergyman boarded the child with one of the fishers, but it was soon found she could brook no control; so she has grown up alone, unloved, fearless, but feared. She has but one friend—she is amenable but one person—" smiled the schoolmaster, as he concluded, "myself. She loves learning; she receives education as by instinct. If I could teach all day, it would be I not she, who would tire. Only I understand her. She has a kind heart, capable of great love, but is ashamed of it! Ah! there are my young torments coming," as three heavy-booted urchins came tearing towards the school-door. "Would they liked knowledge equally as my wild pet scholar!"

With a sigh he knocked the ashes from his pipe and went to his daily task.

Darice remained, sauntering up and down the pretty little garden, thinking of Miriamne.

He was aroused by the voice of the schoolmaster; he had stepped back and was leaning over the fence.

"By the way, I forgot to ask how you made Miriamne's acquaintance. She is generally singularly shy of strangers."

Darice told him.

"She was right," said the schoolmaster. "The danger of that descent is the greater owing to its apparent lack of it. You may have to thank that untamed beautiful bird that you are alive now, or at least, a whole man!"

If was not a circumstance one of Darice's disposition was likely to overlook. He remembered it, but above that Miriamne's face haunted him; he could not banish it, especially that softened expression when he had said he should care if harm came to her.

It was as if a mother, a sweet, fair, gentle being, had gazed at him from Miriamne's beautiful eyes. Why did he after this pace the cliffs and beach always in the vicinity of the hamlet?

Why was he vexed when he did not see her?—why was he doubly vexed when he learned that during his absence the girl had visited the schoolmaster—never when he was at home?

She avoided him, that was evident. His pride was piqued. He resolved he would see her. He ought to: he had not thanked her half enough for the service she had rendered him.

So he had to recourse to stratagem, and entrapped Miriamne among the rocks.

If she had avoided him, she showed no fear of him when present. They talked long. When he left he had obtained her promise without difficulty to show him some caves.

Indeed, Miriamne had seemed pleased, in her strange, half-scornful way, that they should meet again.

So a week sped, and at the end of that time Darice Boyne knew that Miriamne's presence was a danger to him. He loved her—loved one it was of course impossible he could ever marry.

He smiled, a trifle sadly, at the idea of taking such a wild, untamed creature, and introducing her to his West-end fashionable friends as his wife.

Two afternoons after he had so reflected, returning home, he found the schoolmaster pacing his little garden, a pipe as usual between his teeth.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Boyne," he said quickly. "I have been waiting for you."

"Indeed," said Darice, smiling.

"Yes," proceeded the schoolmaster. "I saw Miriamne this morning; she told me of the walk to Tinkertel ruins you had together yesterday. I am sorry to lose my lodger, Mr. Boyne, but do not you think you ought to leave this place?"

"Leave! why?" quired Darice completely amazed.

"Because I dread—and you should dread also—that your presence may be dangerous to Miriamne."

"Dangerous!"

"Can you not understand? She behaves towards you as she behaves towards no one else. You are good-looking; you are kind to her. To you a gentleman, there is no fear—there may be for her—I mean for her peace of mind; you are too honorable for other harm to come to her."

"By Heaven! yes," ejaculated Darice, earnestly. "But is this warning, do you think it necessary?"

"Forgive me; you may think I have not a right to interfere, but I am the only friend that Miriamne has."

"You do not mean," said Darice, flushing, "that——"

"She loves you? Oh, no; only it is wise to be in time. A day, an hour might make it too late," remarked the schoolmaster, quietly. "Of course, I am only speaking for her sake. It is not likely you would ever love her, poor child."

He gave a little laugh, but at the same time glanced sharply, furtively at his companion.

Darice's features expressed gravity, pain, mental disturbance. His eyes were on his boot, pressing into the path.

"Why is it likely I should never love her?" he asked, somewhat curtly. "It would not be wonderful to love so splendid a creature. Supposing I do love her—and for that reason I see the justice of your request and will comply with it? Supposing you rather put it, 'it is not likely you could ever marry her.'"

"Why not, if you indeed loved her?" abruptly spoke the schoolmaster. "She saved you, Mr. Boyne—why not save her?"

"Save her," repeated Darice, puzzled. "How?"

"By love. That which will tame her wild spirits, that which would change her into the splendid true woman. Ah, Mr. Boyne, could you win the affection of which I am certain Miriamne is capable, you would be a man to be envied. That, however, is not my business. I repeat, I think but of her, and I pray you too."

"I will, and thank you," answered Darice, with some emotion. "I cannot explain to you. But, no, I could not marry Miriamne, and I would rather sever my right hand than that sorrow should come to her. I will leave here to-morrow."

"You do right. I felt I might in all confidence rely on you."

"Yes, you have proved yourself my friend as hers," said Darice, in a low tone, pressing the schoolmaster's hand.

Darice got little sleep that night. He never guessed how he loved Miriamne until their parting was near; but marry her he could not, of course, so he must go. There was one trial. He must say good-bye. He would not leave without saying that.

Falling asleep at dawn, it was somewhat late before he descended to breakfast. To his surprise, he found Miriamne in the garden, waiting for him.

"I hear you are going away to-day," she said quietly. "Trevick has loaned me his boat. May I row you across the bay?"

"Why should I trouble you?" he began.

"It will be no trouble," she interrupted. "I should like it, or I would not have asked."

"Then do by all means," said Darice, a little hurt.

She had heard he was going, and cared no more than this!

"At what time do you start?" she asked, not looking at him.

"An hour from this," he answered kindly.

"Then I'll be ready."

She turned hurriedly away, leaving him thus.

"I am glad," he murmured, scarcely feeling gladness. "After all, I need not have hurried. There was no fear."

At the end of the hour he and Miriamne were rowing across the bay. The girl was strangely silent; her old manner had returned; her sentences were short and brusque.

Darice kept reiterating to himself that he was pleased, but, in fact, feeling more disappointed than he had ever been in his life.

Suddenly, like a flash, and idea occurred to him that set his pulses throbbing. Why should Miriamne's manner have thus changed, if she were indifferent to his departure? Was the silence and the brusqueness the only means she possessed, in her untutored power, to conceal sorrow—regret? It must be.

At that moment the boat was run high on the shore. They had arrived.

The girl sprang out on to the sand; Darice followed after tossing out his valise. Then the girl said quietly, shortly, her eyes averted:

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miriamne," he replied, taking her hand. "I shall never forget you. You have made my stay here exceedingly happy."

She looked quickly up at him.

"At one time we shall meet again."

"We shall never meet again," the words no longer harsh, seemed to burst from her. "Never—never!"

Her red lips were quivering; her dark eyes suffused with tears. He was right; she this beautiful creature, cared for him; and he——"

He forgot everything at this moment but her.

"Miriamne," he cried, "we shall, we must meet again—I love you!"

"You!"

She gazed, her lips slightly apart, into his face. The soft, gentle radiance was in her eyes again. It subjugated him.

"My darling! my love!" he exclaimed, "we will not part. I repeat again, I love you!"

Before he could clasp her she had eluded him.

"No—no!" she said; and now the tears gemmed her lashes. "I am not worthy of you. Still I am glad. It makes me feel better. Someone loves me!"

Before he was aware she had sprung into the boat and pushed it off. In vain he entreated her to return. Sadly she shook her head and rowed on.

"Well, perhaps she is right," he reflected, irritably, as finally he walked away. "It is best so."

An hour later the schoolmaster felt drawn towards the cave which Miriamne had constituted her own property and used for her studies. He found her there, her head buried in her hands.

"Miriamne," he said, gently, resting his hand on her shoulder, "my child, you love Darice Boyne?"

"With my whole heart!" she cried, passionately. "Do not laugh at me, I cannot help it. I love him—I am miserable—why cannot I die?"

When Darice reached town he wrote to the schoolmaster, telling of the proposal he had made and its reception.

"I think you acted well," replied the schoolmaster. "As has she—she indeed acted nobly; but is it not better to test yourself? Remember what Miriamne is. Wait six months at least before you see her again."

"Good advice," reflected Darice, "In six months I shall forget, as will she."

But the hold Miriamne had upon his heart was not to be shaken. Her face, her voice, her look haunted him. He wrote often to the schoolmaster, hoping to get news of her, but obtained little. At last he resolved to start for Cornwall.

"I must see her!" he exclaimed at last. "I will!"

The day, however, before his intended departure, he received a note from the schoolmaster.

"I am in town," he wrote, "at the above humble hotel. Business occupies me for the next two days; but I shall be at home to-day at twelve if you would like to see me."

Like to! Darice did not hesitate. Now he could get the desired news of Miriamne he would.

Calling a hansom, he proceeded at once thither. The schoolmaster was staying at a middle-class hotel near the station. He had a small private room, to which Darice was ushered.

"I have come to town," said the schoolmaster, greeting his guest; "a piece of good fortune having arrived to the me through the death of a relation. I have inherited considerable money, and my better circumstances have won me scholastic promotion."

Darice, with as good a grace as he was able, uttered his congratulations. He was glad; but he wanted to hear of Miriamne. At last he could wait no longer, and asked of her.

"She is well—altered too," smiled the schoolmaster. "She is with me in London."

"In London! here!" cried Darice, flushing red.

"Yes; would you like to see her?"

"Like to see her!" said Darice, tremulously, rising up. "I must see her. I have waited the six months. I have tested myself—I love her still."

"You have considered everything, Mr. Boyne?"

"Everything."

"I can say no more. I will fetch her."

"Stay," and nervously Darice caught his arm: "has she forgotten me? Does she care for me?"

"I can answer that she she not forgotten you. As to the rest it is she who must reply—I could not."

He was gone; and Darice, curious, anxious, nervous, waited. The door opened and Miriamne was before him.

Altered indeed, a lovely maiden, neatly, tastefully attired; her dark tresses well arranged; her figure all grace, suppleness, and dignity; her countenance, oh, so beautiful, so grand, yet so womanly! A blush was on her cheek, a timid half-consciousness, a whole gladness in her beautiful eyes.

Uttering a quick exclamation, Darice moved forward and caught her extended hand. Then found himself for a space dumb.

What could he possibly say? At last the sentence came in low, deep tones of intensity:

"Miriamne, the words 'I love you' were on my lips when, six months ago, we parted. They have been in my heart ever since. Again I speak them. Oh, my darling! you will not fly from me now as then?"

Miriamne's face was lowared, but suddenly she looked up, her eyes answering for her, even as the words, with a half-smile, glided from her lips:

"How could I seeing I have no boat, now?"

"But if—if you had dearest, would you use it?"

"Ah! need you ask?" she whispered. "Who would accept misery when they may have joy?"

"Did I not tell you, Mr. Boyne," laughed the schoolmaster, seated with Darice after dinner, "that you might save her? The wild, beautiful, impulsive creature has been tamed by love! You have won a prize You are to be envied."

"I feel it, and am grateful to Heaven," rejoined Darice.

When Darice and Miriamne were married, they spent their honeymoon abroad, in the country of his wife's birth.

One afternoon as they were driving in the Bois, Darice, leaning quickly forward, regarding the occupant of a magnificent open carriage, gave a low cry of astonishment.

It was a lady richly dressed, resting back among the cushions. Her complexian was very pale, her manner had the languor of ill-health.

"Look!" said Darice,

His wife turned, and started too.

"You see it?" he asked.

"You mean the likeness of *myself*, dearest. It is wonderful!"

At that instant the carriages came side by side; the lady's languid gaze rested on the two regarding her.

At first her pale cheeks reddened with annoyance, then her eyes dilited, swiftly she bent forward, one word parting her lips:

"Miriamne!"

Then the carriages swept on and were divided, but Darice and his wife knew that they had looked upon some near relation of Miriamne, if not her mother.

They turned as soon as they were able, and followed to seek her; but in vain. They did not know that the lady had fainted, and had been driven quickly to her home.

A week after, however, an elderly lawyer called upon Darice, on the part of Madame Delspine, to entreat him to answer a few questions respecting his wife's parentage, his client having been quite overcome by the startling resemblance she bore to herself.

It is necessary to enter fully into those questions, the result being easily foreseen.

Monsieur Delspine had spent a somewhat gay and wild youth, during which he had formed a connection with one Estelle Legrace, a woman of impulsive temper, capable of loving and hating fiercely. The hold she got over Henri Delspine was such that he feared her. He managed to get her to live out of Paris when he was wooing Mademoiselle Greuse, and, when he was united, kept his marriage a secret from Estelle.

At the end of three years, however, she discovered it, and revenged herself by stealing the child Miriamne. With it, disguising herself as a nursemaid, she must have fled, and, burying herself in that fishing hamlet, defied pursuit.

In a brief time the romantic story was known through Paris, and all eyes were turned on the two beautiful women, mother and daughter, when they drove abroad. The parent was no longer young and old, making the likeness yet more striking.

Once, when Miriamne entered her own drawing-room in full evening-dress, Darice whispered the schoolmaster, who was there:

"Who ever, looking upon her now, would believe she had been as once we knew her!"

"Did I not tell you, you could save her?" smiled the schoolmaster. "Trust me, there is no tamer so sweet, or so effectual as love."

IN REAL LIFE.

The following tender and touching story of university life in Vienna sharply marks the contrast between the life of a student at a Continential university and that of an Oxford or Harvard under-graduate, which is, as a rule, so bright, happy, and free from anxieties of all kinds.

On the Continent it is usual for quite poor men to attend the universities—men so poor indeed that they have to spend all the time that can possibly be spared from their studies in earning enough to keep them alive, and pay for their education as well.

In this task they are often obliged to accept the help of their mothers and sisters, who willingly give what it must be hard for the student to take even with the firm determination that he will, by this means better fit himself to place them in easier circumstance in the future.

The particular student with whom we are concerned lived alone with his old widowed mother, and studied medicine at the University of Vienna.

They were extremely poor, and, although the youth earned all that he could by giving lessons when he was not himself learning, it was still necessary for his mother to devote her whole time to sewing.

When the date of the last and all-important examination drew near, the son was obliged to give up teaching, that he might have more time for his own work, and his mother literally sewed night and day in order to leave him free to do this, managing however, not to let him know how continuously she toiled.

Four or five weeks ago, within a few days of the examination, this brave old lady pricked her finger severely, and the hand became so swollen and painful that she showed it to a doctor at the hospital. He told her that it was a case of blood-poisoning, and that she must lose the finger.

She insisted upon having the operation performed then and there, thinking that so best she might be able to conceal the accident from her son, of whom she saw but little during this busy and anxious time. But she had been too late in seeking advice.

During the next twenty-four hours the disease had spread to the whole hand, and this also had to be amputated. Still she was able, by some means, to keep from her son all knowledge of her important loss.

The eve of his examination for a doctor's degree arrived, and one can imagine how glad his mother must have felt that she had left him free from anxiety on her behalf, and how full of longing for the time when the secret need be kept no longer.

It would, in fact, be no longer possible, for she had learnt that it had become necessary for her arm to be cut off in order to arrest the disease, but this she would not consent to have done until the very day of the examination.

On that morning her much-beloved son had only just left, after a hurried word or two with her, when the doctors arrived to amputate her arm. In the evening he came home, eager to tell her the joyful news that he had passed with honors, and could now devote himself to making her old age a happy and restful one.

He was met with the news that his mother was dead, having sunk under the operation, of the necessity for which he had not had the slightest suspicion, and so only learnt the extent of her noble endurance of suffering for his sake when it was too late to make any expression of his grateful love.

SOME NATURAL NOTES.—Bottesini, the well-known double-bass artist, was playing one night at Antwerp, and there was a full room and considerable curiosity for his turn to begin. He took his place beside his colossal double bass and began his variations.

The public were electrified, and so was the player. No one who knows the double bass could say of the instrument that it was shrisky and squeaky. It has its faults, but at least shrilliness is not one of them. The sounds came forth that evening piercing and pathetic.

The player looked terrified; his instrument seemed bewitched, and the sounds continued even when the bow was not drawn across the strings. For a moment Bottesini faltered, and then plunging his hand into the internal cavities of his big instrument, he drew it back very hurriedly. He introduced it again very carefully, and took out and held up to the room a cat. The entertainment did not end there. There were kittens to follow.

Scientific and Useful.

SEEDS.—To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT.—In China, the natives, when suffering from facial neuralgia, apply oil of peppermint to the seat of pain with a camel-hair pencil. This is said to be effective.

CHILBLAINS.—Mercurial ointment, half an ounce; liquid ammonia, one fluid ounce; powdered camphor, three-quarters of a drachm. It is a most effective application; to be applied night and morning. When there is the least appearance of ulceration, no liniment should be used, but a physician should be consulted without delay.

TASTELESS COD-LIVER OIL.—In order to render cod-liver oil tasteless, mix a tablespoonful of it intimately with the yelk of an egg, and add a few drops of essence of peppermint and half a tumbler of sugared water, so as to obtain an emulsion. By this means the taste and characteristic odor of the oil are entirely covered, and the patients take it without the slightest repugnance.

CELLAR WINDOWS.—Cellar windows should be constructed so as to admit of being tight and close in very cold weather, and the same may be said of cellar doors. During the winter, however, there are a few warm days when the windows may be opened, which admits air. If a cellar is kept closed there is liability of dampness, and if open the frost will enter. If a fire is made in a stove in the cellar during severe cold weather the draught will freshen the air of the cellar, and also carry off the moisture. If disease is to be avoided, and the cellar used for storage purposes, some attention must be given its condition.

Farm and Garden.

HONEY.—Honey should not be kept in the light, as it is liable to become too thick. It sometimes candies, even in the comb, but it may be used for making syrup, to be fed to bees.

THE WINTER.—The old idea that young cattle and colts must winter at straw stacks in open fields, to make them tough, happily has gone, much to the comfort of the young animals.

TESTING SEED.—If we could impress farmers and gardeners with the importance of thoroughly testing seed before planting we should remove the cause of an immense amount of failure in crops. Nine-tenths of the trouble in growing crops, we believe, is to be found in poor seed.

THE HORSE AND COW.—The horse is blanketed to prevent colds, while the cow is turned out to face the storms. The cow cannot endure cold any better than other animals, and though it may not be necessary to blanket her, yet she should have a shed, or some protection in the barnyard.

TURKEYS.—A turkey can be made very fat in ten days, by liberal feeding. As the demand for turkeys will be brisk until well into January, it will prove profitable to put them in a yard and fatten them before selling. Turkeys will not fatten if confined in coops, but they may be kept in a small yard provided they are given a variety of food.

DUMPING GROUNDS.—A poultry yard can properly be the dumping ground for a great deal of vegetable rubbish, to give the occupants exercise in scratching and to convert the rubbish into manure or mulch. A ton of weeds, straw, leaves, salt or bog hay, seewead or cornstalks will soon be scratched fine in a populous poultry-yard. The weather assists, of course.

WARM QUARTERS.—Warm quarters are in order now, and all winter preparations should be made as soon as possible. The less wind and cold that comes into the stables the less food required. Every dollar expended in shelter lessens the expense of feeding. The animal heat must be provided by feeding the stock liberally, but the greater the exposure the greater the loss of animal heat. Shelter is indispensable to economical management.

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A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sowing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

About One's Self.

It has been said by devotees of Shakspeare that everything can be found in his plays; and certainly the best description of the newest intellectual foible of mankind is to be found there.

The "native hue of resolution" was never so "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" as it is nowadays, when scepticism attacks other things than belief in theology.

Not only have men begun to doubt the creeds, and the accepted moralities, and, in a certain number of cases, the existence of a sentient Creator; not only do they call on all institutions to give a valid reason for their existence, but they are inclined to doubt their own right to be or to act, to question whether they are not themselves mistakes, and to argue that it would be either morally or intellectually wrong to resist those who intend to sweep them away.

They have, to use popular language, no "confidence in their own position;" not on account of any want in the position itself, but of an inner scepticism either as to their capacity to fill it, or more generally—self-conceit showing no sign of approaching death—of the rightfulness or utility of the position itself.

The feeling spreads to all classes, except, indeed, poets—at least we never heard of a poet who disbelieved either in poetry or himself as a poetry producer—even to business men, who are occasionally harassed to a degree their most intimate friends do not know as to the lawfulness or the utility of their particular trades.

Judges grow greatly troubled when sentences must be heavy, asking themselves if crime may not, after all, be lunacy; and lawyers, when they happen to think that every man should seek to promote pure justice instead of his client's case. Soldiers doubt whether war is not wicked; and editors hold that, on the whole, a free press is more of a nuisance than a blessing; while the number of doubtful clergymen—doubtful of the use of clericality, we mean, not of doctrine—is almost legion.

It is usual, we think, in our day to regard this condition of mind as rather a fine one. Such doubts, it is said, show an open mind, capable of sympathizing even with opposition.

If that is so, it is a rare instance of correct thought producing weakness, for we may be sure that no man thus sceptical of himself and the rightfulness of his own position will ever do his whole duty, especially that part of it, self defence, which is so essential; but we question whether the condition is admirable at all.

There is, we fancy, quite as much weakness as virtue in it, or intellectual openness either. One likes a sentry to go on pacing, and not to be so ready to argue with the first comer whether sentries can be part of the divinely appointed scheme.

An incapacity of fully believing is not a strength, but only a sign of a mind which may in rare cases be strong, but is more often flabby and undecided.

A man may think his position or occupation wrong, and then he is bound to leave it; but if he does not think so, he should quell his doubts, and do the duty he was set by Providence or his own destiny to do.

We should never blame an officer for throwing up his commission rather than command in a war he believed to be utterly unjust; but if he does not believe that, and only doubts that in commanding in a war he is somehow out of place, and intellectually a little ridiculous, we should say his duty was to do the work before him as well as he knew how.

We suppose it is thought which produces these hesitations of our day. Shakspeare thought so, and he knew human nature as we cannot pretend to do; but it sometimes occurs to us that it may not be thought at all.

There may be forms of moral cowardice as independent of thought as physical cowardice is sometimes of the will, and almost as much exempt from responsibility.

Men admire strength, and have studied it and know even how to generate it; but they have been neither so patient nor so observant about weakness.

We suspect that there are a good many men like the poet Cowper, who literally could not face his position as Clerk to the House of Lords, and, long before his mind had given away, threw it up in a fit of self-distrusting horror.

That was not a result of thought at all, but, if he was sane, of a weakness exactly corresponding in the mind to cowardice in the physical nature. It is a quality to be lamented over, and sometimes pitied; but it is never praiseworthy.

Indeed, it never is praised, except by those who like its results, and who, desiring change, see that under the operation of this dread of responsibility, this uncertainty as to duty, this doubt whether anything but renunciation can ever be right, no stable thing can exist.

The man who does not believe in his own functions, high or low, is certain to be partially useless, and though he may sometimes be an enlightened man unable not to see the ridiculous aspect of his star or his blue coat, he may be also, and usually is, much of a moral coward.

Nine times out of ten, the work you have to do is work you ought not to shirk, and to leave that work undone because of faint inner hesitations, especially if you never act on them when all is smooth, is nothing but shirking, which would be discreditable, but that the whole world is doubtful whether any man has a right to anything, even to the position in which Providence has obviously placed him.

MEN of fair character, and great abilities, often differ widely from each other, on common occasions; and, if inflated by pride, or warped by prejudice, are as tenacious, imperiously positive, and impatient of contradiction, as persons of meaner capacities, and less acute discernment. This however, must not be understood in the least to depreciate the faculty which distinguishes men from brutes, and which, in itself, is a noble endowment: nor ought we to forget that it is to our reason, good as well as evil presentations are made, and that the right use of it depends on the rectified state of the will.

LEARN from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant dread of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however antiquated, however pedantic, it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously—as a man who wore a soul in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

WHY will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secrets will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will save you.

WHEN the day comes that you sit down broken, without one human creature to whom you cling; with your loves, the dead and the living dead; when the very thirst for knowledge, through long continued thwarting has grown dull; when in the present there is no craving, and in the future no hope—then, oh with what beneficent tenderness, nature enfolds you.

THERE is never vulgarity in a whole truth, however commonplace. It may be unimportant or painful. It cannot be vulgar. Vulgarity is only in concealment of truth or affectation.

FROM the day and the night, the hours and the flying minutes, learn a wise improvement of time; and be watchful to seize every opportunity to increase in knowledge.

IT is singular how impatient men are with over praise of others, and how patient of over praise of themselves; yet the one does them no harm, and the other may be their ruin.

NEVER whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as easily and as quietly as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have not talent for.

A SUDDEN lie may sometimes be only manslaughter on truth; but by careful constructed equivocation, truth always is with malice aforethought deliberately murdered.

THE human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"

IF a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

JEALOUSY is said to be the offspring of love; yet unless the parent make haste and strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

No one is a more dangerous enemy to all that is sweet and good in human life than the one who lends impurity to the sanction of splendid talents.

A MAN without a predominant inclination is not likely to be either useful or happy. He who is everything is nothing.

GOOD things must be engraved on the memory; bad things stick there of themselves.

THE shortest way to do many things is to do only thing at once.

PRY not into the affairs of others.

The World's Happenings.

Some few peach trees at Atlanta, Ga., are in full bloom.

The Reading railroad is burning 200 coal cars daily because they are old fashioned.

A cat set a Greensburg, Pa., house on fire by pulling from a table the cover and with it a lighted lamp.

There were not two days in December, it is recorded, when plowing was impossible in any part of Massachusetts.

A San Francisco iron works makes its employes pay 50 cents per month to pay doctors for those who are injured.

A railroad employe will last an average of ten years if he be in good condition at the start and take care of himself.

Carpenters at Gorlitz, Germany, won a strike to abolish the custom of "showing papers from the last employer."

In some parts of Italy laborers get 10 cents per day. Thousands suffer from hunger. They use plows of 2000 years ago.

In the Cape de la Hogue lighthouse in France a windmill is used to drive two dynamos, the current being stored in accumulators.

Celluloid has recently been experimented with as substitute for copper in sheathing vessels, and it is said to answer the purpose well.

In Sing Sing, N. Y., recently, a hack man, for swearing on the public highway, was arrested and taken before justice and fined five dollars.

A butcher of Cobienitz in Germany, recently discovered in the entrails of a bull he had killed a gold ring bearing the inscription: "Napoleon III, Emperor, 1862."

It is considered a point of etiquette for a bride in Russia, whatever her real feelings may be, to lament her lot, and upbraid her parents for their choice of her husband.

At New York a young Englishman and his wife got one day's imprisonment for stealing. He could not get work and they had pawned all their clothes. A baby was born to them in prison.

It is fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often so prolific on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally.

To this day a dime is the smallest change you can get in Virginia City, Nev. If there is 15 cents in change coming to you, you lose 5 cents, and if you complained the whole town would jeer at you.

The Prussians punish, by fine or other wise, any person who carries a walking-stick or umbrella in such a fashion as to be dangerous to his fellow-wayfarers, even though no injury be inflicted.

There are over 15 000 cabmen in London. Of these 350 are between 60 and 70 years of age, 117 are between 70 and 80, while there are three men driving cabs at the present time who are over 80 years old.

Bismarck has a superstitious concern of 1890. It was long ago published of him that he confidently believed that he would live till this year, but his intimates say that he does not expect to go much, if any, beyond it.

When the Chinese wish to declare the extreme vexatiousness of any piece of work, they say, "It is more trouble than a funeral," the obsequies of a parent being reckoned the most maddening affair in human experience.

King Carlos of Portugal, who possesses sixteen Christian names, while his younger brother answers to no less than thirty, is personally one of the most amiable of monarchs. He is a handsome, blonde young man, who carries himself with a military air.

A Washington county, Kansas, man named Steers mortgaged "four white steers" to a loan company. The fore-closure proceedings developed the fact that the man mortgaged his four children. The loan company had Steers arrested, as one of the children was a girl.

Antone Fratus, of Provincetown, Mass., selected his pillow as a safe place for keeping money and there deposited $200 in an envelope. His two year old child found the envelope and shoved it through an open grate into the fire. There was $200 in bills, which were destroyed, and a $10 gold piece was found in the ashes.

The Empress Eugenie has just presented to the Fathers who have the keeping of the mortuary chapel at Farnborough, where lie the bodies of Napoleon the Third and the Prince Imperial, a magnificent altar cloth made from her wedding gown. The cloth is trimmed with the lace and embroidery which ornamented the dress.

A special from Shelbyville, Ill., says: "The compulsory school law was put to the test here today, and Mrs. Jane Axford, who kept her boy at home because she is so poor that he has to assist in earning the living, is in jail. Five dollars and costs was the penalty attached, and the poor woman, unable to pay, was put into prison."

Lady Alice Stanley, who accompanied her father, Lord Stanley, on a trip across the continent, reports that the Blackfeet Indians have a captive white child—a little girl not more than 9 years old—in their tribe. Lady Alice heard that she was the child of an officer in the United States Army, who was killed, and she begs the Government to rescue her.

A cotton operative died at Bacup, England, from the effects of taking cayenne pepper. He complained of cold, and his mother gave him a dose of mixture which contained a quantity of cayenne pepper. A few minutes afterwards he was found on his knees, gasping for breath, and after struggling for several minutes he expired. A physician stated that death was caused by the action of pepper on a weak heart.

A physician has made an interesting series of experiments on the influence of our common beverages on digestion. Among those drinks he finds that water is usually the best. Of infusions, tea or cocoa acts most favorably when bread is eaten, and coffee is the best for use with meat or eggs. Eggs are the best animal food with infused beverages, and should be soft-boiled when tea is the beverage and hard-boiled with coffee or cocoa.

TIME AND DEATH.

BY ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

Fear Time, but fear not Death,
O fearful lover;
Death will thy Love to thee for e'er bequeath,
Time may discover
How love with Time weighs little,
And seeming trust, as crystal glass, is brittle.

Fear Time, but fear not Death,
For Death is sealing
The lips for thee from which their fragrant breath
His touch is stealing.
Then fear not Death, O lover,
Time and not Death may flaw in her discover.

A Quick Thing.

BY A. N. HOMER.

THERE was no denying it, Charles Piers Mostyn, of H. M. regiment of light horse, was ill at ease. At one moment he would burst into wildest merriment in response to some very poor jest uttered by his fellow voyageurs, and the next his blue eyes wore a far away expression, and he would give vent to an audible sigh.

How was this? since his surroundings were calculated to put fresh life into a man, no matter how old and careworn, and yet Charlie Mostyn looked glum despite the fact that the sun shone brightly upon his twenty-one summers.

The scene was the fair river Thames, and he was sprawling full length in the stern-sheets of the boat which his two brothers were endeavoring to scull up stream against a strong current.

"Look ahead, Charlie, or you'll have us smashing into that canoe," sang out Bertie, who was stroking and had seen the danger only just in time to escape a collision.

"All right, old boy; you go on. I'll mind the yoke lines, never you fear," but the words had barely left his lips before the boat's head narrowly shaved the overhanging bank as they rounded a sharp angle in the stream.

To Bertie's intense disgust it was only an adroit use of the boat-hook which saved them from a foul.

"Hang it, Charlie, you come and row; a paddle before dinner will do you good. Eh! what do you say?" he ventured to ask.

"Not much, thanks; very comfortable where I am," was all the answer Charlie saw fit to give him.

"Well, you are a jolly muff. Why, man it's as good as a play to watch your face only for five minutes, you might have eaten something for lunch that didn't agree with you. I wish I were in your place, that's all I can say."

For a few seconds Charlie turned his blue eyes towards the speaker and contemplated him steadily, while the tobacco in his briar root pipe became red as a glowing cinder, but he said nothing and once more fell to thinking.

There was, in reality, one very good reason why he should be serious, for it was his last night under the old roof which had sheltered him during the whole of his short life; and in the quiet stillness of the autumn twilight he could not help wondering whether he should ever return to the peaceful home of his childhood, or whether, like many another, he would go forth into the world to die, where no woman's hand could soothe his anguish and tend him in his last moments.

Each stroke of the oars brought to view some well-known object which recalled so vividly the past that he fell to wondering how it was he had never noticed the points of interest which chained him to the vanished years, until he was in danger of losing them perhaps for ever.

There was the opening to the break-water, half-hidden by overhanging willows, in whose depths he had angled for certain monster fish, and he well remembered the very last time, when he had hooked and played and finally lost one of fabulous stength and weight.

There, too, was the old boat-house, damp and overgrown with weeds, and near at hand a certain pool where he had learnt to take a header in real good style, and no thanks to any one.

Beyond, and standing a few yards back from the bank, was the old ale-house, which did duty as a first-class hotel, and upon whose creaking sign-board, in gaudiest coloring, was displayed something startling and awe inspiring in the shape of a ferocious-looking leopard in the act of springing upon an equally fierce-looking man arrayed in hunting-shirt and moccasins of wondrous design.

Many were the times he had sat within those hospitable red-brick walls and enjoyed in its security the soothing weed and mild ale which stringent orders at home forbade him.

A hundred yards further on was the trimly-kept lawn which surrounded his home. Down to the river's edge stretched the smooth greensward, emerald in hue, save where the bright tints of the autumn flowers broke it up into patches.

Ah! it was a home he might well feel dubious of quitting. Arrayed against such thoughts were a whole host of romantic visions which his boyish heart had conceived and dwelt upon.

Without them he would not have been worth his salt as a soldier, or anything else. Even as the boat touched the landing place, and he led the way in silence towards the house, a proud smile curled his lip and a feeling of exultation stole into his heart.

He was to join the colors at Portsmouth on the morrow. His regiment was under orders for the East, and what might that not portend?

Fancy pictured to him at that moment none of the grim horrors of war. There were no groans and shrieks of the dying—no whiz of the hurtling shot—no rattle of withering musketry—no roar of the furious cannonade.

The pallid countenances of the dead were changed into strong and hearty soldiers, willing and ready to follow him to death or victory. The glittering decoration had been won and fastened on his breast; ah! dare he hope it—the glorious V. C. itself. And what soldier in the English army would not brave all for that?

But a last dinner is always gloomy or made hideously unreal by forced gaiety, and somehow those about Charlie seemed ill disposed to make the time pass by a display of merriment they were far from feeling.

Facing him sat his kind old mother—the only parent left to him, for his father had been cut to pieces fighting at the head of his regiment whilst still one of the youngest colonels in the service.

Charlie Mostyn came of a good plucked race, but he was none the less a man because a big lump would rise in his throat as he gazed into her eyes and saw that they were dim with tears. He knew how she loved him, and those calm features, framed by the white widow's cap, would haunt him often in the future.

He suddenly felt an overwhelming desire to smoke, and pushing back his chair he passed out on to the lawn unchallenged by a soul, for even the youngest, Gerald, a veritable imp of mischief and thoughtlessness, knew and respected his reasons for leaving them so abruptly.

Charlie strolled down to the water's edge, and standing in the shadow of a willow, with his back against its trunk, puffed steadily at his knowing little briar, and felt—well, just a shade out of sorts.

What prettier scene can be pictured than a dear old-fashioned English house, covered with vines and flowering creepers inclosed in its own luxurious grounds where every flower-bed is a variegated study of rich coloring; the beauty of the whole enhanced by the deep-hued cedar tree and rustling ilex, whilst its boundary is the peaceful river rippling onwards towards the sea.

The home where he had first seen the golden sunlight had never seemed so beautiful to him as now, Charlie thought as he dashed what was very like a tear from his eyes, and gazed upward into the blue vault of infinite space where the twinkling myriads of stars glittered and the harvest-moon rode in her pale glory.

He had just lost himself in trying to imagine each globe of light above his head a peopled world, when his attention was again diverted by a sudden blast of wind and the gleaming white of a boat's sail.

Another instant and a sharper gust had swept over him, and at the same moment a piteous shriek for help assailed his ears. The next moment and his coat was off and he was in the water fighting with the tangled stems of water-lilies that twined about his legs and threatened to drag him down.

The weeds grew thick just there, but each second delayed might jeopardize a life, and he came of a race who had never lost a victory from indecision.

"B ing the boat, you fellows. Help!" he called out once, but the night wind blew the sounds of his voice away, and unheard he gained the centre of the eddying stream.

Before him, dead ahead, but borne down like himself by the strength of the current was something white floating on the shimmering water. A few strokes more and he could see that it was a woman's dress. One powerful effort and he was close at hand.

"Courage; God help you!" he exclaimed as the white object disappeared, but rose again to clutch him with a frantic grip.

The face and form was that of a girl, younger even than himself; but in the few brief seconds which passed before he threw his strong arms about her, memory stamped those pale moonlit features indelibly upon his brain.

To swim fully clad and, moreover, with boots on is heavy work, but add to that the weight of another and the difficulties are increased a hundredfold. Charlie turned and swam back again; for the shore he had left was the nearest to land. And then came a terrible struggle in his mind when moments seemed years of agony. Should he let go that helpless form and save himself, and the whispered answer "never" trembled on his drawn lips. A few more weakening circles with the one arm that was free, and then came a sense of safety as though his work was accomplished, and Charlie Mostyn was unconscious. How long he remained so he never knew. When he next opened his eyes the familiar pattern of the wall paper which decorated his own cosy chamber danced before them, and a dreamy sense of comfort stole over him. Subdued rays of shaded lamp light filled the room, and the blinds were closely drawn. The hands of the time-piece pointed to midnight, and Mrs. Mostyn sat there smiling and thanking God in her heart for the safety of her son.

"Is she safe?" he whispered.

"Yes, safe and well, Charlie. You are the one who suffered most; but you must be quiet and go to sleep, these are the doctor's orders, my darling."

For a few moments there was silence between them whilst Mrs. Mostyn flitted about the room intent on arranging everything for his greater comfort. At length Charlie was roused from his lethargy by feeling the cold nose of his pet fox terrier "Snider" thrust lovingly into his hand, and the action was quickly followed by a low whine, meant to attract his attention.

"Good dog, down," he murmured as the animal fawned upon him. "Mother," he added as he suddenly raised himself bolt-upright in bed.

"Yes, dear, what is?" I thought you had fallen asleep again. Now come, like the good son that you have always been to me, try and compose yourself and to-morrow—" but the bare thought of what the morrow would bring was to much for her, and sobs choked her utterance. "To-morrow," at length she continued, "I will tell you all that happened. But now you stand in need of a good night's rest, and the doctor——"

"O! hang the doctor——"

"But my boy——"

"Listen, mother. Where is she? The girl I saved, you know," he added explanatorily, as the blood surged into his brown cheeks and his eyes sparkled with excitement, "and who is she? Come now, you must tell me all you know to-night, or old Hodge's stuff will be worse than useless."

"You were always a little self-willed, Charlie, but I am very anxious that you should rest. Do try and curb your curiosity to-night. I will turn the lamp low and leave you to sleep."

"Take me at my word, mother, if you love me."

That last appeal is always a straight road to a mother's heart, and Mrs. Mostyn was not proof against it, so she sat down by his side again and clasped his hand in her own

"Well, my boy, you were carried up here drenched and unconscious, and I was in such misery about you that I never left your side. The lady, whoever she may be, was well cared for; Whilkes was with her. And she drove away——"

"Did what, mother?"

"She left here more than an hour ago. Why, Charlie, you startle me with your vehemence."

"Gone, and no one asked anything about her, mother! Why, I shall never forget her face as long as I live. But there, what a fool I am. I am weak and out of sorts to-night. Kiss me, and leave me to myself."

Mrs. Mostyn did as she was bidden, noiselessly closing the door behind her, and Charlie Mostyn was alone.

"No trace. No clue, and I am leaving England to-morrow. My luck, my luck," he murmured.

Ten minutes later there was a gentle tap at his door. "Mr. Charlie, if you please, sir."

"Yes. Come in."

"I was to give you this from the lady as you saved, sir."

Charlie's hand clutched a small parcel eagerly. "Thanks. Any message, Whilkes?"

"No, sir. I said as you was goin' abroad, and the lady she was hurried like——"

Somehow every pulse in Charlie's body was set wildy beating at that moment, and he longed to be alone, but he controlled himself.

"All right, good night, Whilkes. Yet stay, have you mentioned this to any one?"

"Not to a soul living, except yourself, sir."

"Very good. You will find a soverign on my dressing table. You understand me, say nothing."

Whilkes gave a discreet nod, did as she was told and vanished. Before the door had well closed the flame in the lamp was smoking and threatening to break the chimney, and Charles Piers Mostyn was staring fiedly at a miniature set in a gold locket ornamented by a coronet in rose brilliants. That night and the next day passed, but the sun that gilded with its setting rays the dog vane and the quaint hands of the clock in the church tower of the Thames village, colored the bistre-tinted sides of the great troopship that headed down Channel with Charlie Mostyn and his regiment on board.

* * * * *

Weeks and many months had fled. There had been a huge mass meeting in Hyde Park. Opinions had been aired and thrashed out lustily by lungs and tongues that seemed to tire not, but at length the mob showed signs of dispersing, and as it broke up, a tall straight figure strode leisurely away in the direction of the Stanhope Gate. It was Charles Mostyn in flesh and blood, only looking browner and bigger than of yore, but with the laughing smile that used to curl the corners of his good-natured mouth changed for a more serious expression. And the eyes, ah, there was no mistake about them; they had known disappointment and trouble.

"Half-past three. The deuce! Why did I waste my time listening to those people? I shall miss the chief. Here, cabby, are you engaged?"

"No, sir."

"Then drive to the War Office, sharp."

The old house up the river was still in the possesion of the family; but it has been given over to another regime. The white widow's cap and the kind, calm face of Mrs. Mostyn was no longer to be seen presiding over the morning meal, or flitting happily amongst the summer flowers. Death, the great leveller of all distinctions, had claimed her, and she had gone to her long rest by her husband's side in the shadow of the church tower, whose bells had rung out her marriage chimes, and Charlie was lord and master now. His face wore a grave, almost stern expression, as the hansom bore him along. He had been mentioned favorably in dispatches, for one or two plucky things he had done; and he was daily expecting to be ordered away on an important mission. He had brought nothing back with him from the East, where he had sweltered under a fiery sun and exposed his person recklessly to danger, but honor and the—well, the gage d'amour (as he loved to think it), and the two were enough for him. Time and tide wait for no man, and least of all officialism, so Charlie was in a state of bewilderment. He had cudgelled his brain in vain for a loophole of escape from his present position; for seriously he felt he was capable of doing anything rather than leave London just at that moment. It was true, he had been in town some weeks, but never once had he set eyes upon the giver of that precious souvenir of the cold bath, which had so nearly ended tragically for him. Therefore the time had been lost, he told himself, for he had come home free, having been proof against all feminine wiles and as he believed desperately in love with a myth born of a dangerous admixture of unsatisfied curiosity and romance. But now there was a chance of meeting her if he could only remain in town, for people were flocking up for the season. So ran Charlie Mostyn's thoughts on that bright spring afternoon, and to think with him was to act. He had just determined in his own mind that somehow he would remain in town, when his attention was attracted by the thing—that with one exception he loved best—a horse.

"By jove! there goes a beauty," he muttered, as he bent his head to peer out of the window. Slowly the bright chestnut which had aroused his admiration forged ahead, until for a moment the victoria, between the gaily painted shafts of which it proudly stepped, was abreast of him. A young and well-dressed lady was the sole occupant. What caused him to start so violently, and to exclaim in audible tones:

"It is her! It is her! Pull up, cabby; or at least—no, follow that victoria and——"

His voice was drowned by oaths, threats and expostulations. He had arrested his driver's attention to some purpose, for while he was peering into the hansom, trying to understand what instructions were being issued for his guidance, he had contrived to foul a growler on its way to Paddington; to run into a veritable pandemonium of fat old women, children, baths and band-boxes. There is a piteous sight that

few men are hard-hearted enough to look upon with composure—a woman in distress. A nervous old lady was screaming at the pitch of her voice, to the accompaniment of swearing, threats and the plunging of the cab horse. Charlie was down in a moment though anathematizing his bad luck, with the result that in five minutes the four-wheeler was once more under weigh, and the faces of the occupants were wreathed in smiles.

"What a nice gentleman."

"And how handsome."

Were the sounds that smote upon Charlie's ear as the door closed and they rumbled away on their dusty journey. But no remarks could have been oily enough to soothe the troubled waters of Charlie's spirit, as he gazed down the empty street, and became alive to the fact that the victoria with its fair freight had disappeared. In vain he drove round one corner into a square, right across it and then anywhere that his knowledge of the locality and perseverance could suggest. All trace of the smart turn-out was lost. And so late for his appointment and considerably disturbed in his mind, he was forced to wend his way to the War Office. When he issued forth again, the weighty conversation, the careful questioning and the string of instructions to which he had been subjected were a kind of dream. For the life of him he could not have repeated any portion of the discussion which had taken place. It was true that, unknown to him, the wiseheads had wondered and commented upon his absent manner and his brief unstudied replies. They were unaccustomed to such scanty traces of homage. And yet he was a man of mark, a dashing officer, whose brains and sabre were to be relied upon, and so had been permitted leave the gloomy precincts of officialism armed with a bundle of important dispatches and an order to proceed at once to Paris. Now this was the very step he was not prepared to take. After a well-cooked dinner at his club, his digestion aided by a bottle of good claret, he solemnly decided that—come what might—even though it cost him his commission; he would not leave London that night. A well-cut profile, a softly-moulded chin, a stately head with a wealth of gold-brown hair, caught up under a knowing little hat, and where is the ambition of the opposite sex, and what mad set will they not commit to look again upon such a picture? They have a lot to answer for, those beauteous smooth-skinned Hebes, who destroy with a glance and spread death and destruction with a laugh and a wave of their dimpled hands. All the same Charlie had no strong argument to plead in favor of his sudden heedless decision, for the lady of the victoria had not even looked at him. But the glint of the gold-brown hair had been enough. He had a card for an "At Home" at the house of a great lady, a lioness of society, and thither he went. The gardens were ablaze with light, and a thousand colored lanterns shot their many hued tints on the moving forms of the richly clad guests. The air was heavy with subtle odors, and the soft night wind scarce stirred the huge fronds of the palms, whose tall stems towered side by side with the marble pillars of the portico. It was getting late as he touched his hostess's hand and then moved slowly on midst the crowd of gaily decked fashion, the sea of bright and changing faces—looking for one. With a wistful expression on his kind fearless face, he made his way through that moving mass, acknowledging the greetings of those he knew by a bow, a careless nod, or a cheery word. His patience was tried, but his perseverance conquered at last.

"De Vere, who is that lady?"

"Why, man, are you dreaming?"

"Not in the least; never more wide awake."

"And you mean to tell me that you do not know Lady Ethel? Why, Lord Moresby is worth a fabulous sum. She's the greatest catch in town."

"You forget I have only recently returned from abroad."

'Oh, ah, I forgot. Well, anyhow there's not a ghost of a chance for you, old boy. Better keep away. Take my advice and don't singe your wings. You'll only leave your heart behind you. My lady is impervious to pretty speeches."

"Don't be an idiot, De Vere," growled Charlie, for he was in no mood for chaff. "Introduce me."

"Oh, certainly, but forewarned is forearmed."

He heard no words of introduction, but the next moment he found himself alone with the woman of his dreams, for the man she had been talking with walked away biting his lips with annoyance at the interruption of his tete-a tete.

"So glad to meet you again, Lady Ethel," blurted out Charlie after a—to him—painful silence of some few seconds. Nothing like riding straight was his inward soliloquy as he spoke, and no sooner had the words left his lips than he turned and their eyes met.

"Again——" she faltered.

"Yes. This room is suffocating and there are no end of people looking at us. Lady Ethel, will you take my arm?"

For answer the little gloved hand was slipped within his keeping and they passed into the cool moist air of the conservatory, where the arching fronds of the tree ferns waved above their heads. They were alone for supper and defeated flirtation. She was the first to speak:

"I—I did not catch your name. You are——

"Piers Mostyn," and for the rest he slipped the locket with its gilded coronet into her hand.

"Thank God we have met at last," she said impetuously, and the rich blood mounted to her cheeks. "I wanted so much to thank you and they told me you were going abroad and—but I wrote to your mother."

A cloud crossed his face and the thought flashed through his mind, why he never even heard of that letter.

"I never knew it," he answered briefly.

"Still, now we have met. But for you I should be—oh, I shudder to think of it. I owe you my life; how can I ever repay you?"

"Do what you have done already: thank God," he answered gravely and then he plunged on recklessly. What possessed him? But he was a Piers Mostyn to the backbone, and his race had ever rushed their fences.

"Lady Ethel, you will deem me mad, but if you think you owe me anything, listen. To day as you were driving I saw you for the first time since that night. I have cherished the memory of those few brief moments, when I held you in my arms, from then till now. I have no right to speak to you thus, but to night I have staked my all upon the bare chance of meeting you. I ought to have left hours ago for Paris. I am here. Rank and promotion, perhaps honor, I have flung to the winds for your sake. I—I—Ethel, I love you. Ah, I have offended you, madman that I am. Tell me, for God's sake, are you angry?"

The birds disturbed by the unwonted noise twittered to each other in their gilded aviary, and the soft murmur of the water as it babbled and fell in cascades in its marble prison were the only sounds that broke the silence, as he stood before her, trembling at his own audacity; and waited for her answer.

"Are you angry?" he repeated. "Tell me quickly, I cannot leave you thus. Can you love me; may I even hope?"

The gold-brown head was never raised, but the lips tremulously framed the words and her answer came to him:

"I owe you everything."

One hasty kiss, a pressure of the soft warm hand in his was the fulness of content. It was a quick thing, but it brought a life-long happiness in its train.

Miss Slippers.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

A WEALTH of tangled grasses, wave after wave of gorgeous green rising and falling noiselessly and steadily before the breath of the summer wind.

Over the whole field rested the hush of the evening; not the twilight, but that period when each in particular, and all in general, see the end of the day dimly drawing near, and invest Nature with a quiet which, in truth, she had possessed all the time, but which has just become apparent to their wearied eyes.

The willows by the brook seem to droop more lazily than ever; the ripple of the stream itself to murmur a dreamy lullaby; the leaves rustle sleepily as the wind passes through them; and over the whole face of the mighty Mother is Hypnos drawing his veil.

And yet it is a hot dusty afternoon in July. All day has the sun-god been beaming down most mercilessly on the baked surface of the earth; and all day has the irritating, impalpable dust been persistently engaged in entering every crevice where its presence is least desired, and in tarnishing the glory of garments which the wearers have fondly hoped to preserve unsoiled.

"By Jupiter!" quoth Edward Ramsay, Esq., gazing on the landscape; "but this is very jolly!"

Ned had started to walk from the station to his final destination, and after over a mile of dusty turnpike, to which even pavements were stubble, he was just beginning to question the delights of the country opposed to those of the town, when he reached the boundary fence of the grass field, and swinging himself lazily up to the top rail, gazed on the prospect before him.

The profane and rather slangy expression of satisfaction above recorded followed; and then Mr. Ramsay, drawing from his pocket a pet meerschaum, proceeded to charge the same, to touch it off, and then, taking a more luxurious position on the fence, to alternately puff smoke in a most heathenish way from his nostrils, and to open his mouth to imbibe large draughts of fresh air, as if by that method his life would be indefinitely prolonged.

Behind him lay the yellow stubble, looking so bare and ragged when contrasted with the waves of velvety green that spread as far as eye could see in front of him.

Winding on, stretched the tiny footpath that lay where he was bound.

This path was no exception to the generality of paths, and winding on and on, finally disappeared around the corner of a clump of woods about a quarter of a mile off, and pursued, no doubt, its straggling and devious way with renewed energy.

Ned Ramsay had come out for his usual summer holiday, and as it was that eccentric individual's practice, notwithstanding he was that most to be pitied of men, a bachelor of thirty, to seek some secluded nook in which to recuperate his exhausted frame, the present scene suited him exactly.

What other men could find in watering-places, where they got bad fare, worse quarters, and had to pay accordingly, was more than this cynic could see.

Not that he could not have afforded it; he was, furthermore, the lucky possessor of a position which gave him just enough to do, and an excellent salary therefor.

To be sure, in his quiet corners he saw few of the fairer sex, and those few were not calculated to justify the epithet of "fairer." But then Ned had a serene sort of indifference for women, which prevented him from feeling any pangs at the absence of such concomitants to his holiday pleasures.

Not that he disliked them, or affected the misanthrope. Far from it. He liked society, and women liked him—had even commended his merits; but he could do—what few men can—without them, when he took his season of rest, and, in fact, was heretical enough to deem their presence rather a bore than otherwise.

So far, he had been, as he would have said, very fortunate, but this summer he was trying a new field; and, in going to visit an old college friend, was rather apprehensive lest he should find the tabooed drapery there ahead of him, and the "daughters of Heth" waiting to take a prey.

So like a wise man, deferring the evil hour as long as possible, he sat alone on the fence, and between the puffs of smoke, meditated on his approaching visit.

No animal was in sight, with the exception of a few gaunt pigs, who were solemnly rooting up the soil in search of the various subsistences, animal and vegtable, which it is their delight to devour.

"Queer creatures, pigs!" said Ned, meditatively, pushing his hat back from his forehead. "Pity their eyes aren't more expressive. They haven't, by any means, a frank or engaging look. Too much engaged in subsoil, I suppose; don't star-gaze enough."

As he spoke, the gauntest and wildest of those porcine quadrupeds, was rooting about twenty yards from the fence, raised its head, and gazed at the occupant thereof in a peculiarly malignant way.

"Are you insulted, you beauty?" said Ned. "Upon my word, you are a fine specimen! Will you charge on me if I enter your domain?"

The beast shook its ugly head with a grunt, and, as if disdaining further converse, resumed its feeding.

"Thank you," said Ned. "There's one consolation about you, anyway. When one wants to get a quiet smoke, he can come out here, for no woman will choose this for a walk while you are about!"

Scarcely had the words left his lips, however, when around the corner of the woods where the path disappeared, came the flutter of something white, and the next thing, the whole figure of a woman appeared in sight.

"Whew!" said Ned, as the figure, set off by the deep purple background of the clouds that were gathering like vultures around the setting sun, dawned upon his astonished vision. "Various proverbs illustrative of the fate of Alnaschar suggest themselves to my mind. Well, I suppose she's only a milkmaid, or some other specimen of that sort. Meantime, as they say to the little culdren, 'wait and see.'"

On came the stranger, and as Ned watched her, a sort of vexed frown stole over his face, scarcely banished by the neat way in which she climbed a fence that lay between them.

"She's young, she's a lady; she's a beauty; she's a clipper! What a deuced bore!"

All these expressions escaped him without impeding in the slightest degree the advance of the person in question, who was now near up to the pigs, which in turn had drawn within ten yards of the fence.

Ned had much coolness—some called it "impudence"—and also much laziness, and he was just hesitating whether to quit his comfortable perch and descend to greet the stranger, when his doubts were solved for him in the most speedy and effectual manner.

A fierce grunt, a scream, a frantic patter of feet, another faint shriek, and Ned found himself on the other side of the fence, holding in his arms a very pretty little brunette, while between the rails grunted the gaunt pig, bristling with rage and triumph.

Whether Ned had lost his self-possession, which was a rarity for him to do, or whether he found his position peculiarly agreeable, cannot be decided; but that he still held the young lady tightly, all the time gazing intently down on her, as if wondering how she got there, is a positive and incontrovertible fact.

Perhaps he might have got tired of it in time had not the young lady solved the question of duration by remarking, demurely, "I am much obliged to you, sir, but I am quite rested now. You can put me down."

Ned dropped her instantly, and, with his face more scarlet than it had been for ages, began to make diligent search in the grass for his beloved meerschaum, which had fallen in the daring rescue he had effected.

A scream from the object of his gallantry startled him from this pursuit.

"Oh, the horrid beast!" cried she. "Don't you see it's going to eat my slipper—my pretty slipper? Take it away. I can't walk home with one shoe."

And she thrust forth from under the gaudy skirt of her dress a pair of tiny feet, one arrayed in some witchery of blue and bronze, the other in the whitest of what shall we call them?—stockings.

"Serve you right for walking in such things!" muttered Ned, grimly, as he prepared with great unwillingness to invade the territory of the pig, which had discovered the fellow "to bronze and blue," and was tossing it in the air with savage glee.

"A nice mess this is!" continued he. "I've heard of the delights of boar-hunting, but I must confess I don't see any great delight in the approaching prospect. I certainly don't 'sniff the battle afar off;' or, if I do, have no wish to diminish its distance from me."

But whether the pig was satisfied with its former victory, or whether it descried the difference in its antagonists, after one fierce rush, which was stopped by a well directed kick, it ceased from warfare, and beat a retreat, leaving Ned to carry the almost undamaged slipper to its fair owner.

"Thank you, sir," said the damsel, with a grateful, appealing glance upward from under those long black lashes; and the next thing, Ned Ramsay, the self possessed, the cool, found himself blushing to the tips of his ears as he knelt down and begged leave to restore the rescued slipper to its former place.

The young lady assented calmly; and though Ned took rather long to accomplish the operation, and seemed somewhat awkward also, she did not grow impatient, and stood on one foot with the most perfect equanimity.

Ned rose at last, and having found his pipe, began to recover a little of his coolness, and leaning back against the fence, surveyed the fair object of his cares with a slightly quizzical expression on his good-looking face. This was, evidently, not relished by her; and she broke the silence at once.

"Oh, dear! how am I to get back home?" exclaimed she, with a piteous look of distress. "It is such a long and dusty way round, and I couldn't go through that field again while that beast is there! Ugh! the horrid thing! how it frightened me!"

Ned Ramsay's gallantry was not worked up to the point of offering to fall once more on the offending swine, and drive it from the field, but he did the best he could.

"I am going through that field myself," said he, politely, "and I will be happy to protect you from your foes. I think you can get safely through under my charge."

'Oh, will you?" said "Miss Slippers," as Ned, sotto voce, profanely christened her. "I shall be ever so much obliged to you. I am not going far; only crossing this field is my dread. But I hope I won't take you out of your way?"

"No," said Ned, coolly; "I am on my way to Mr. Archer's; and if you live in this part of the country, you must know this is the short cut to it."

"Are you going there?" cried the damsel. "Oh, how nice! Why, I am staying there myself! You are Mr. Ramsay! I'm so glad you have come! I've heard ever so much about you, and have been dying to see you for the last week, and now to meet you this way! Oh, how funny!"

And the tiny hands were clapped together with a peal of clear, honest laughter from the cosy mouth.

"And who the deuce are you?" muttered Ned, under his breath. "Oh, Godfrey, you old sinner! this is some trick you and Madge have been playing on me! Never mind, I'll fix you!" and his eyes glittered with some of the fun that was latent in his quiet nature. "No need of introducing myself then," said he, laughingly. "But you've left out one part of the customary form. Who am I to escort home?"

"How stupid of me, to be sure!" cried Miss Slippers. "But mine's such a horrid name, I am always trying to forget it!"

And, making a grotesque courtesy, she rattled gaily off—

"'Maria Muggleworth is my name,
England is my nation;
Woodside my present dwelling-place,
And you my late salvation!'"

"But, oh!" she continued, "don't call me that! Everyone calls me May—you need not be an exception."

"May, simply," said Ned, maliciously, "or anything else?"

"It is one of these cases where it seems amiss to add more," said Slippers, merrily. "But you had better preserve les convenances, at least, before Mr. and Mrs. Archer."

"Just as you say," said Ned, "but I want to punish them for not telling me anyone was here, so I should not say a word of your adventure, but pretend you are an old acquaintance, and not be one bit formal."

"What fun!" cried Miss May. "Won't it be too good, especially as I detest formality, and am glad to get rid of it on any pretext?"

"Forward, then!" said Ned. "We'll brave the foe!" and he offered his hand to assist her over the fence.

The swine kept at a distance this time, and Ned and his companion pursued their way without any molestation. Now, everyone knows, however nice grass is, it isn't particularly nice to walk through when it is long, with some one in the path beside you, holding on to your arm.

Yet Ned, who was as fond of comfort as most people, did not seem to mind it in the least, and marched bravely on, not even showing any design to shake off his companion's hand after they had left the field of swine far in the rear.

So absorbed was he in his attentions to her, that the conversation never flagged, and he almost started to find himself, at the end of twenty minutes, on the lawn at Woodside, with its master and mistress standing on the steps of the wide porch, waiting his arrival.

Mrs. Archer, a tall, handsome woman of the blond type, was standing on the porch, leaning on her husband's shoulder as he stood below.

"I say, Madge, said he, twisting his head around to look up in her face, "look there! That's intimacy on a short acquaintance. And how the deuce did they meet, anyhow?

He does not know her, and she never saw him before, so where did they strike up this sudden affection for each other?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Godfrey," said his wife, a rather blank look of amazement bespreading her pretty face, while she gazed on the approaching couple, as they came slowly on, arm-in-arm.

"So you preferred to walk, Ned?" cried Archer, as they reached the steps. "I'm glad you found pleasant company, at all events."

"Yes," said Ned, coolly, though his mouth quivered with repressed mirth. "It was quite a pleasant surprise to meet an old acquaintance in such a way. How mean you were not to say anything about my meeting anybody down here!"

"It's all Madge's doing," said Godfrey, maliciously. "I didn't know what she was up to."

"Oh, you pack of deceivers!" said Mrs. Archer, shaking her head at all three of them. "You—you old wretch, for pretending not to know what I was up to, as you call it! You Mr. Ramsay, for wanting to make me believe you wanted company so bad to meet you here. And, last of all, you, Miss, for letting me run on to you about Mr. Ramsay, and never telling me you knew him all the time! What did you mean by it?"

Ned glanced rather nervously at his companion, but that individual was, as Godfrey would have phrased it, "up to snuff," and equal to any emergency.

"I never caught his name when he was introduced," said she, quietly, with a malicious, laughter-provoking side-glance at Ned; "and so I had no idea you were telling me about one I knew so well. You dear old Maggie, did you ever know me to deceive anyone?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Archer, suspiciously; "you'd do it if you had a chance soon enough, I expect. Well, I am glad you've met before, for I won't have to break you down from conventionalism to the kind of informality I like, and it's a terrible exhausting process. Godfrey, take Mr. Ramsay up to his room; and as for you, Meg, now you've seen my wonder, I suppose you can walk till he comes down again, without going wild with curiosity."

Off went Ned, struggling to repress his laughter, and the party broke up till supper.

Ned had hard work for the first week to keep from betraying his secret, but after that his mind became so much engaged otherwise, that he never thought of it. Miss Muggleswerth had made good play out of that first grand stride towards intimacy, and before two weeks were over, one evening the moon "looked down from heaven's high tower," and saw a man pleading a cause in the court of love in a very nervous, very earnest way for one ordinarily so cool.

"I don't know whether I should encourage you, Mr. Ramsay," said Miss Slippers, demurely, though her truant heart beat faster and happier at the loving words she had heard. "It's so short a time. I like you pretty well, but what will Mr. and Mrs. Archer think?"

"Think! when we've known each other so long?" said Ned, coolly, dropping his passionate tone. "What can they think?"

Miss Muggleswerth broke into a peal of laughter, and looked admiringly up in his face.

"That's very ingenious," said she. "Who else would have thought of it but you?"

"Besides," pleaded the emboldened Ned, "you think your own name is a disagreeable one, and I am doing the best in my power to change it. Come, my darling, I think you do care for me a little. Can't you love me a little more?"

"I'm conquered!" said Miss Slippers, holding out her hand with a laugh. "That last shot finished me. I think I might love you after awhile, but such a potent inducement as that would be sufficient. It's a bargain."

Mr. and Mrs. Archer were not so much surprised as might have been supposed; at least the lady wasn't, though her husband had made strong assertions on the resistance of Ned to all women's wiles.

But Ned often tells Mrs. Ramsay, when she is very teasing, that that swine had lost him his rest for ever, and wishes that he had never laid his eyes on uncured bacon.

THE POWER OF WILL.—Three stories are told showing the power of man's will. One is of a young officer in the army, who was peculiarly high-born and irascible. He had been confined to his bed after a severe attack of the heart, and was unable to move.

His physician asked one of his fellow officers to warn him that, as he would never get out of bed again, he might arrange his affairs before death.

When the sick man was told what the doctor had said, he arose in his bed excitedly, and said: "I will never get up again, eh? I will walk to the doctor myself and show him." He jumped to the floor, walked across the room, and fell dead.

Another was about a certain sheriff in a Western State, who, when arresting a man, was stabbed through the heart. He seized the man by the shoulders, after the blade had struck him, pressed him to the ground, drew his revolver, and, deliberately thrusting it down the struggling prisoner's throat, pulled the trigger at the instant he himself died.

The third party was regarding another officer who was hunting down a thief. The man thought he had escaped from his pursuer, but just as he entered one door of a railroad car, the officer appeared in the other.

The thief instantly fired, the bullet penetrating his pursuer's brain. The officer, however, returned the shot, bringing his man to the ground.

He then dragged himself along the car, firing as he crawled, until his revolver was empty. He was dead when he was picked up, a second after he had ceased to shoot.

AS TO BLIZZARDS.

The word 'blizzard' was first used in January 1866 to designate the wintry storms peculiar to the north-western States and Territories, at which date one of the worst of these storms swept over the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota.

The blizzard belongs to the prairies of North America, as distinctly as the simoom belongs to the deserts of Arabia; but the results are more disastrous to human life. Every country is visited by storms; but in no other country than these prairies of the north-west do we read of blizzards.

They are as much worse than ordinary snowstorms as a hurricane on the ocean is worse than an ordinary wind.

Imagine snow driven by a wind blowing at the rate of from forty to sixty miles an hour, with the thermometer registering from twenty to forty degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

That is a blizzard! Fortunately, they do not visit us usually more than three or four times in the winter, and sometimes a winter is passed without one being recorded.

The loss of life to man and beast resulting from these blizzards in the past has been appalling.

The first of these storms of which any record is found occurred on December 31, 1863, when the thermometers in St. Paul, Minnesota, registered fifty-two degrees below zero.

In January 1866 another of these blizzards passed over this section, with a great loss of life. But the blizzard of January 1888 in which over two hundred lives were lost proved the most disastrous to human life on record, chiefly because the storm came so suddenly and the temperature fell so rapidly that it is a miracle how any one exposed to the fury of the elements escaped.

The morning had been bright and sunny—indeed, such a one as is seen seldom in the depth of winter in this climate.

It presented itself to farmers and others as a good opportunity to visit the distant towns for supplies; it was hailed with delight by commercial travellers who desired to visit their customers in outlying villages; children who had been unable to attend school for days because of the severity of the weather, started out cheerfully to the school-houses, in many instances more than a mile distant across the prairies.

Stock-men and cow-boys hailed the beautiful morning with delight as they saddled their horses and rode out on the range to look up the cattle in his charge.

As noon drew near, light clouds gathered and obscured the sun, while snow fell gently; but almost without any warning, the whole appearance of the heavens is changed. The light clouds grow blacker, the wind commences to blow a hurricane, the snow is whirled across the prairies at the rate of forty to fifty miles an hour, and the thermometer falls to twenty and thirty degrees below zero so quickly, that it seems as though no one exposed to the storm can escape.

Such was the fury of the tempest that men were lost a few yards from their own houses, the snow being driven into their faces with so much violence as to blind them. The noise made by the wind was so great that where the members of a party became separated from each other they could not hear one another's voices even at the distance of a few yards.

Of this blizzard an incident is recorded where a lady school-teacher left the school-house with two of her pupils to go to her home, about a quarter of a mile distant.

As they did not reach the house by the time they ought, a search-party was organized; but no trace of them was discovered until after the storm had abated, when the children were found frozen to death in embrace of the lady, who had also perished.

She had evidently struggled against the storm until its severity had exhausted her; but even then she had attempted to save the little ones by shielding them from the elements with her own body.

Incidents of heroic actions were not rare. We read of several men in one town starting out on foot to rescue the passengers in a train which was snowed-up only a short distance from a station.

These brave men, in order to find their way had to take ropes and form a line between the telegraph poles; and by following this rope-walk, the passengers were rescued, and just at a time when the fuel in the train was exhausted, and after they had been several hours without food.

The rescuers suffered more or less from frozen hands and feet, but counted their sufferings as nothing when compared with the lives their courage had saved.

One lady school-teacher kept her thirteen pupils in the school-house until the violence of the wind blew the door down.

Then tying them together, and attaching the rope to her own person, in order to prevent the possibility of the party becoming separated from each other, she took the youngest in her arms, and after an heroic struggle against the blinding snow and bitter cold, reached the nearest farmhouse in safety with all her pupils.

ALL KINDS OF GHOSTS.—I have been in almost every country in the world, says a recent writer, and everywhere I have found people who have seen and believe in ghosts. In western countries ghosts are generally harmless, but in Asia and Africa they are of a malignant and vicious type.

There dread of ghost is common to all aboriginal races of India and China, and the only means employed to oppose their rancor and mischievous dispositions is to build shrines for them and to make them offerings.

Any severe illness, or epidemic disease, as smallpox, cholera, etc., is attributed to the malignancy of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly.

In India the man tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts, for when a tiger has killed a man the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head and guides him clear of danger.

Accordingly it is believed that the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirit of his victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services.

In China the ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident.

Even wretches who are hanged for their crimes are believed to have the same power of causing evil to the living as those who have been killed by any other violent causes, including poison, disease, lightning, etc.

All the deified spirits are often distinguished by some term denoting the manner of their death. Thus, the "tiger ghost" is the ghost of a man killed by a tiger; the "snake ghost" the ghost of a person who was killed by a snake. In Africa the "waddy" and "lightning" ghosts are the most common, but the most dreaded spirit is the "Sirocco" ghost, which is reputed by the natives an implacable spirit. Most of the deceased persons whose spirits are now worshipped were the ancestors of some of the aborigines.

The ceremonies observed in propitiating the ghosts consist mainly of the offerings of fowls, pigs, goats, as well as of flowers and fruits, of the recitation and singing of certain prayers and charms before the different shrines.

These charms or prayers are addressed to the deified ghosts of the dead for the purpose of compelling the spirits to desist from doing harm or to appear and receive the orders of the performers. Two or three successive performances are understood to be sufficient to accomplish their purpose.

THE MAN WHO uses up every energy in the one object of making money, and who gauges the value of everything according to the opportunities it affords of increasing his stocks and bank balance, is throwing away not only the beauty, but much of the usefulness of his life. For money is but one means to happiness; it is nothing in itself, nothing when separated from the wisdom that knows how to use it and the energy that extracts value and beauty out of it.

That life is not worth living that is wholly absorbed in gaining money and sinks, away exhausted in the effort. It is like that of the builder who should spend his entire energies in collecting materials without erecting a single structure, or the wood-cutter who should use all his hours of labor in diligently sharpening his axe.

Leisure is never so enjoyable as when it comes unexpectedly, like the visit of a long absent friend. And to be sweetest must be short. Too much of it palls upon the appetite. Luxurious as a warm bath, it is also as enervating. He who finds himself suddenly possessed of leisure in great plenty, will do well to dispose of the bulk of it as soon as possible by setting himself something serious to do.

Systematised activity is one of the best preservatives against "dull care." Leisure is but a sauce of life, which helps to make work more palatable and digestible—the one apart from the other soon becomes disgusting.

IGNORING or quickly forgetting personal injuries is characteristic of true greatness, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man a person is the more he makes of an injury or an insult.

The more of a man he is the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause. "The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel, but rushes joyously the ravage to conceal." It is the tiny streamlet which is kept in a sputter by a stick thrust into its waters by a wilful boy.

IN THE EAST.—A traveller, speaking of the street-calls in Damascus, says that a thin slice of wheaten bread, slightly buttered and covered with grape syrup, is proclaimed as "food for the swallows"—i. e., for delicate girls. Jars like those of the forty thieves, filled with pickled fruit and vegetables, are thus extolled—"If an old woman eats, she will be young next morning."

The Romans borrowed from the Greeks the roll of parchment which they called volumen, and afterwards they contrived the square book, or codex. Martial alludes to this as an innovation in his time, and it must have been found a very convenient one. Binding was soon so far established that we hear of codices covered with tablets of ivory or wood inlaid with gold. The best bookbinders came from Athens.

FIRST LOBSTER.—"Well, what are you going to do now?" Second Lobster—"Get dressed for dinner."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The doctors who attended the late King of Portugal during the last few weeks of his illness presented bills for their services amounting to nearly $100 000. One of them demanded $14 000 for ten visits, another demanded $17,000 for fifteen, while a third thought that $30 000 was not too much to ask for his attendance of eighteen consultations. Eventually the new King succeeded in effecting a settlement of their claims by means of a lump sum of $60,000.

A "coal palace," 150x300 feet and three stories high is to be erected in East St. Louis. This palace will be a decidedly novel structure. The coal companies will furnish the material for the superstructure—black coal of every kind, and wrought out by saw, by mason's hammer and into artistic forms by the carver's chisel. The first floor will be of polished coal, and pillars of coal will support the floor—coal, coal everywhere. The purpose of the building will be to continually exhibit the agricultural and mineral products of Southern Illinois.

A peculiarly pathetic incident, it is told, marked the closing life of Alonzo E. Stoddard, the well-known baritone, who recently passed away with typhoid fever: "As he lay on his cot in the hospital, breathing his last, a sudden inspiration seemed to revivify him, and, to the wonder of all, he sat upright in his couch and began to sing, in his familiar, robust voice, one of his favorite operatic solos. He never sang with more feeling or with more beauty of tone. The song was sung from beginning to end, the last notes died away, and, just as they ended, the singer fell back in his bed—dead."

A reformed car driver who worked for the Street Car Company of Mobile, Ala., in the days when paper currency was all the go, says that the company introduced the patent boxes which for a time headed off the boys effectually in their "knocking down" fares. But the victory of capital over labor was short-lived, for the drivers supplied themselves with large grasshoppers which they tied by the wings with a string and shoved down into the box, and when Mr. Grasshopper grabbed onto a dime they jerked him back out of the box. This was kept up for some time with great success, until one day the string broke and left the bird in the box, which gave the snap away.

The attack which the Emperor William and his courtiers recently made upon the employment of French terms in the German language has received a check, if not a repulse, in the following remarks of the celebrated Prof. Virchow, addressed to his students: "No language is rich enough to furnish always the best terms for all the ideas which we wish to express. Consequently, we must have recourse to a foreign tongue, when our own does not possess the exact and precise term that we want. Speaking generally, therefore, I would give you a lesson, and I should be happy to see you profit by it during the rest of your lives. You do not belong merely to your country; you belong to all humanity. Let our friends, the purists, take that for granted."

Gen. Meigs is still exercising his mathematics on the problem of what the population of the United States will be one hundred years hence. He anticipates at the end of this century a population of nearly 90,000 000 (89 653 333), by the middle of the next century, 383 763 839 and before its close, that is in 1990, 1 296 562 248, or a population nearly, or quite, equal to the population of the globe at the present time. This will give 399 persons to the square mile, England having now 389. China 420 and Belgium 434. "Such a nation," says Gen. Meigs, "will have a power and a commerce and industry not heretofore known to the world. Our ships and those of our allies will bring the spare products of every land to our shores. Systems of interior land and water transport, perhaps mostly operated by electric power, will rapidly and cheaply distribute them." For New York city a population of 30 000,000 is prophesied for 1990, and a total urban population at that date of 240,000,000.

The Czar, it seems, in order to guard himself, to some extent, against assassination, employs a "double," who is so unfortunate as to greatly resemble his Majesty. This "double" is an officer who, on certain occasions, dresses exactly like the Czar and publicly impersonates him. It is to be hoped that the "double" gets a good salary, for the post is certainly a risky one, and the holder of it might experience some difficulty in persuading any good office to insure his life. In the meantime the Czar himself wears a steel shirt, which must be very uncomfortable; and travels in armor plated carriages, which in summer must be very hot. "Uneasy," says the poet, "lies the head that wears a crown." The poet who is Shakespeare, said that before the rise of Nihilists. What would he say now, when, according to recent confidential returns to the Russian Government, there are, in St. Petersburg alone, seventy thousand people, each one of whom is believed to be implicated in plots of a revolutionary character?

We can easily forgive lack of means; but littleness with means is disgusting.

Our Young Folks.

TOMMY TRUNDLE.

BY L. FARMER.

AH, HA!" said Tommy Trundle, half aloud; "to-morrow will be a half-holiday. What shall I do to amuse myself? I am going to my uncle's park."

"Go for a walk," said his friend, Alfred James, "or come fishing in the river with me. Take me with you."

"No," said Tommy, "I don't want you there, James. I will go and have some fun. You can't come to uncle's."

This was very unkind of Tommy, and so his friend thought, for he walked away, and when Tommy called him he would not come back. But, worse than all, he told the other boys, and when the half-holiday came the following afternoon, no one would go out with rude Tommy Trundle, and Arthur Dean was very cross with him.

Tommy had then to go alone. "I don't care," he said; "I will have some fun by myself. I know what I will do: I'll buy that new knife which Arthur wanted, and in that way pay him out."

You see that Tommy was not a very nice boy: he was rather selfish; but it is a bad plan to be so, and Tommy paid for his selfishness. He went away by himself into town, and bought the knife. It was a very nice one, and had two sharp blades. "Ah!" said he to himself, "won't Arthur be savage because I have bought the knife he wanted!"

"Now," thought he, "I will go and cut some sticks, and sail them in the stream in uncle's grounds this fine hot day."

His uncle had his nephew home every half-holiday, much to the servants' disgust, for Tommy played them tricks, and set all kinds of traps for them; he annoyed the stableman by frightening the horses, and the cook pinned a dish-cloth to his jacket because he went into the kitchen. The gamekeeper's son did not like him because Tommy threw stones at him. But his uncle never heard of his pranks, and thought he was a good boy—as boys go.

Tommy had been cautioned about the young wood in the plantation, but he "didn't care," he said. He would cut twigs "if he liked." So he cut one, and was trying to cut another with the large blade of his new knife, when it slipped and nearly sliced off his finger-tip.

"Oh, oh!" cried Tommy as loud as he could. "Help, help! my finger is cut; I am bleeding to death!"

But no one heard him. Then he began to wish he was not alone. His finger bled very much, and he threw away the knife in anger, tied his handkerchief round his finger, and ran to the keeper's cottage.

The keeper's daughter tied up his cut finger and told him it served him right," but he laughed, because the finger was not cut so badly as he expected. Then he ran away into the plantation again to find his knife. But he could not see it, and after a long search he had to give it up.

"I will come another day," said he to himself. "If I can't find it, no one can. It is very provoking, though, two shillings lost like that. I must tell uncle; perhaps he will give me another."

Then he remembered that he had no business in the plantation, and that the keeper had warned him about the traps—though Tommy thought the man only wanted to frighten him. "I'll got out at the other side," he said, "and then the keeper won't see me leave." This was very sly of Tommy.

So he slunk along, stooping under the branches, and winding in and out until he began to think he would never get out. The plantation extended between the wall of the grounds and the river. The wall was high, and divided the park from the road, so Tommy could not climb it, besides, he was without his cap, and didn't like to be seen in the road in his rather old holiday dress. So he wandered on, and just as he saw the end of the trees he felt a terrible pinch in his instep, and he screamed out.

He was caught in a small trap, which had nipped his foot and ankle smartly, and he could not move a step. He called out, he screamed, he shouted, but no use. There he was held until the keeper, who was near the river, heard his cries, and came into the plantation.

"Well, Master Tom, what business have you in here? You're caught in a trap at last, eh?"

"Yo—yo—yes," he replied: "I am very sorry I came here at all. Do please let me out, Randal; I won't come again. Oh! take it off, quick!"

The keeper opened the trap and let Master Tommy loose.

"Serve you right," he said, "you have been warned not to come here often enough. Go home now and behave yourself, young gentleman."

The keeper continued his way through the plantation, and Tommy limped off in the other direction. He could hardly walk at first, and screwed up his face with pain, but he managed to reach the river; there he sat down on the bank in the shade and bathed his injured foot: it was rather bruised, but the cold water did it good.

Then he put on his shoe and stocking again, and wondered what he would do next. He did not know what to do.

The half-holiday had not been very nice so far; but he wandered on by the stream until he came to a rather wide place, where a small boy, a butcher's son from the village close by, was fishing.

Tommy was cross, and being of a bad disposition, began to throw some pebbles into the water to tease the smaller lad.

"Come, you stop that; you're frightening my fish," cried the village lad.

"They are my uncle's fish," said Tommy, "and I will do as I please. Who gave you leave to fish here?"

"Never you mind. You go home and mind your own business," said the lad. "I've got leave, that's enough!"

But Tommy would not stop throwing the pebbles, which popped into the water, so the lad moved away some few yards further down the stream to a piece of strand, on which he stood and fished.

The Tommy continued to throw small pebbles until the other boy got very angry and threw stones at Tommy, his tormentor. Those he threw were large ones, which he picked from the gravel, and one hit Tommy a terrible blow on his arm, just on the "funny bone," as he was turning round.

But it wasn't at all "funny" for Tommy. He jumped up, but found his ankle so stiff that he could not run; so there he stood on one leg, rubbing his elbow in pain, while the butcher's son "laughed to see the sport," and jeered at Tommy Trundle. Seeing he could not catch him on account of his injured leg, the boy threw more stones, until Tom the tormentor was very glad to move away and let the boy fish in peace.

"I wonder whether it is tea-time yet," thought Tommy. "I wish James was here; I am tired of this horrid half-holiday. Oh, my foot!" he exclaimed, "How it does hurt! I must go home."

He was in pain, and his arm burned still. But he thought himself very ill used, and never considered that it was all his own fault for doing what he had no business to do. He had begun badly and selfishly, and he was punished for it. Still, he never thought of this, he only thought of himself.

So he limped back to the stable-yard, and wondered what he would do next. After a while, having eaten an apple and some cake, and rested, he felt better, and then thought he would play trap, bat, and ball. So he called Fred, the gardener's boy, and told him to field out for him and throw in the ball. Fred was only too pleased to play instead of gardening, and, quite forgetting his work, began to play with "Master Tommy."

Of course, Tommy should not have taken the boy from his work, but, as usual, he did not think of anyone but himself, and quite forgot that his uncle paid the gardener's boy for the time he was employed, and not for playing with Tommy.

"Let me have a turn, Master Tom," said Fred. "You've had so many, and I haven't had one yet. You promised me my turn, you know."

"So you shall, after three more hits," said Tommy, intending to have just three splendid hits.

But the very first of those splendid hits was a little too splendid. The ball went flying across the grass straight to the house, and bang, crash, through a pane in the stained glass window on the staircase!

"Oh, the window!" exclaimed both the boys together.

"You'll catch it, Master Tom," cried Fred the gardener's son, as he ran away to his work, which he had neglected to play with Tom.

Tommy was horrified. He had done great mischief. His uncle would be very angry, and would not have him up again for the half-holiday.

How Tom wished he had gone out with James. If he had, all these troubles would have been avoided. Tommy was rather a coward, and he turned away and slid himself in the grounds.

It was no use, though; his uncle had heard the crash as well as the servants. He was very angry, and came and found Master Tom, and immediately sent him back to school with a note to the master. So Master Tom had Sunday at school almost alone, which he did not like, and got lectured by his master for his disobedience into the bargain.

On Monday the boys teased him dreadfully, until he was nearly mad.

But what hurt him most was the new knife, which he saw in Arthur Dean's hands after morning school.

"Where did you get my knife, Arthur?" he asked.

"It isn't your knife," said Arthur. "I gave the keeper's son sixpence for it; he found it in the wood."

"It is my knife; I paid two shillings for it, said Tommy.

But he could not get it, and was again very angry. His half-holiday had been a great punishment; still, it did him good, for after a while he became more generous and amiable, and never spent another day selfishly in his uncle's grounds alone.

KITTENS AND TORTOISE.

A FABLE.

DON'T go away, don't go away; I will not hurt you."

And a small head popped from under what the kittens had supposed to be a new sort of saucer turned upside down.

They had been trying with their paws to turn it over; for as it seemed heavy they thought that perhaps some food was inside of it, and if they had been successful had intended having a feast.

Suddenly, to their great surprise, this very hard saucer began to move slowly away from them, and in another moment a head appeared at the end of a long neck, and a voice said——

"Don't go away, don't go away; I will not hurt you."

But the frightened kittens drew back and got close up against the wall. They had thought that a very ugly odd-looking saucer was before them, but now they found that the ugly saucer was alive, and had a very ugly head and very ugly feet, and a strange hollow voice that alarmed them even more. They were especially frightened now that there was but a little distance between them, and the tortoise began to move towards them, repeating at every step——

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid."

The kittens, however, pressed closer against the wall, and looked at their companion with dismay—they would have made their escape altogether, but the tortoise managed to place himself between them and the open door of the potting-house, in which the gardener kept his trowel and rake, and other tools, and in which the three had met.

"We ought not to be strangers," said the tortoise, "for many of your family are called after me."

Trick and Fluffy opened their eyes very wide at this.

"I never heard such nonsense in all my life," said Trick.

"It isn't true. I won't believe a word of it," said Fluffy.

"You are very rude kittens to say so," returned the tortoise. "Why, you two know my name."

"I am sure we don't," said Trick indignantly. "We are nothing like you; you are more like a saucer turned upside down than anything else."

"Do you know my name?" asked the tortoise calmly.

"No, nor don't want to know it;" said Fluffy, angrily. "I wish my mother was here to hear the stories you tell us. I knew such an ugly creature with a saucer on his back could not be of any good in the world but to do mischief."

"What sort of a cat is your mother?"

"She's a fine tortoise-shell cat," said Trick proudly.

"Ah, then your mother was called after me," said the tortoise. "I am a tortoise, and what you call the saucer on my back is my shell, which, if you could see polished, contains the most beautiful shades of brown and yellow. You may think how fine they are when a cat esteems it a great honor to be called a tortoise-shell cat, as she knows it means that she is a great beauty."

Trick and Fluffy made no other answer than both bursting out laughing. They were no longer frightened at the tortoise, but regarded him as a foolish harmless creature, fond of telling wonderful stories. They laughed so loud that their mother heard them, and as she had missed them for some time, she came to see what they were doing.

"What is the matter?" said the old cat to the kittens.

As soon as they were a little recovered from their laughing fit both the kittens pointed to the tortoise.

"You are very rude kittens," said the mother.

"That is what I told them, madam," said the tortoise; "but young people will judge for themselves. And because I cannot frisk about as they say, and have not a covering of fur, they could not understand me."

"But if you cannot frisk about as they can, you can do what they cannot do. They are afraid of the water, but to you it is as easy to live in as on the dry land. And some of your family, I have heard, are strong enough to carry a man on their backs. I know that many people set great store by you, and like to have you about. I know that just now there is a great stir in the house, for the gardener has been in to say that he has lost you, and cannot find you anywhere."

"That is because he has not looked in the right place. I have been strolling about the garden, and I came here and got under some rubbish whilst he went through, for I wanted a little more liberty to-day. It is pleasant to feel how fond all the family are of me, but still, one likes to be one's own master sometimes."

As he spoke one of the young ladies of the house appeared in the entrance to the potting house.

"Why, here you are, my darling, my beautiful old tortoise! Why have you run away from us?"

Then the gardener came up.

"Why, old fellow," he said, "I am truly glad to find you!"

And he carried off the tortoise to his pleasant quarters in the conservatory.

The kittens looked on in amazement. To think of the creature they had despised being so much thought of!

"And Miss Alice took no notice of us," said Trick.

"No: she had no eyes for anyone but that ugly tortoise," answered Fluffy. "I don't think she even saw us."

"You see," said the old cat, "how foolish it is to judge by appearance. Your inexperience and ignorance of the world have led you to set down at once as worthless a creature who was a stranger to you in every way. And you have seen that what you despised is appreciated by those who have more knowledge than yourselves."

THE SWAN.—A very old superstition prevails in many parts that swans are generally hatched during a thunderstorm. Lord Northampton wrote in the year 1583 a strongly worded book against the popular superstitions of the age, in which he says: "It chanuceth sometimes to thunder about the time and season of the year when swans hatch their young, and yet no doubt it is a paradox of simple men to think that a swan cannot hatch without a crack of thunder."

Another superstition about swans, and one much older and more popular than the other, is that the swan sings a sweet song before its death.

So ancient a writer as Pliny alludes to this, and Sir Thomas Browne thus refers to the origin of the idea:—

"From great antiquity, and before the melody of Syrens, the musical note of swans hath been commended, and they sing most sweetly before their death."

The poet Coleridge, alluding to the superstition about the swan's death-song, has this witty and sarcastic couplet:—

"Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing."

In Shakspeare's "Othello," Emily is made to say—

"I will play the swan, and die in music."

In Scotland swans are looked upon by the peasantry as good weather prophets. In Iceland the note of the swan is regarded as the forerunner of a thaw, and it is therefore held in great esteem.

There is an Irish legend, which the poet Moore has made the subject of one of his Melodies, that the daughter of Lir, Fionnuala by name, was transformed into a swan and condemned to wander for hundreds of years over the lakes and rivers of the Emerald Isle.

Royal swans are marked with five nicks—two lengthwise, and three across the bill.

Poets have been given the name of the Swan in almost all ages.

J. C. T.

PARTED.

BY E. NESBIT.

Light of my life! Though far away,
My sun, you shine;
Your radiance warms me every day
Like fire or wine.

Life of my heart! By every beat
This sad heart gives
It owns your sovereignty complete,
Through which it lives.

Soul of my soul, supreme and strong,
Eyes of my sight—
Together we can do no wrong,
Apart, no right.

My only joy, as far above
Me, desolate,
As is the splendor of our love
Above our fate.

We are one, and sin, my only sweet,
No more in this
Than he who feels his own heart's beat
And knows it his.

THE DINNER TABLE.

It is on ancient Assyrian monuments that we see how princes used to eat in olden days. They used to recline on a couch, under a rich pavillion, supported by three pillars, or they used to take their meals in the open-air, in their royal parks, where animals of every description played around them, and vines and palm trees formed a bower over their head.

They were served by the ladies of their harems, robed in white, and crowned with flowers; or sometimes by eunuchs, who played musical instruments, and fanned them whilst they ate.

The peoples of antiquity were put into communication one with the other by that bold and hardy nation of navigators, the Phœnicians, whom ancient authors sometimes styled "Divine merchants."

It was the Phœnicians who first propagated bronze and glass, though they were not the inventors of these, as once supposed. True, they had manufacturers of bronze and glass. Hiram, of Tyre, who decorated Solomon's Temple, was a founder, and made gold and bronze basins, pots, cups, tongs, etc.

Domestic utensils were perfectioned by the Phœnicians, who carried them to every corner of the then known world.

It is not quite certain when glass was first used in Egypt or in Phœnicia. It is thought, however, that it was first made in Egypt, and carried from Egypt into Tyre and Sidon by the Phœnicians, who afterwards became its accredited inventors.

Hunting and fishing are also attributed to the Phœnicians, who are equally supposed to have been the first to eat meat, and to salt their food. The Chinese, however, claim precedence over the Phœnicians in this, as in many other things.

It is certain, on the other hand, that Syria was rich in wheat, dates, pears, plums, and grapes. Eggs were also held in great consideration, and fowls likewise. The appetite of Syrian women was famous. There is the record of one of them eating thirty fowls in one day. The Cappadocians, who were neighbors of the Syrians, were famed for their bread, which they made of wheat, milk, oil and salt.

Thanks to the Bible, Josephus and the Talmud, we know more about the history and customs of the Hebrews than of any other nation of antiquity. We know, then, that wheat bread was the rich man's bread in Palestine, and barley bread the bread of the poor. The wheat was crushed under a mould, turned by slaves and prisoners, and Sansom was condemned to do this by the Philistines.

The Hebrews learned the use of ovens and leaven from the Egyptians. Their bread was round or oblong, and very thin, so it was always broken, and never cut.

The invention of wine is ascribed to Noah, and in those days the land of Judah was celebrated for its exquisite wines. The wine in Palestine was generally red; hence it was called the "blood of grapes," as flour was called the "marrow of wheat."

Rich Hebrews mixed perfumes with their wines, and aromatic herbs.

The Hebrews had other drinks, also, which they made from grenades and dates. They also drank vinegar and water, as the peasants of Italy now do, and they had a kind of drink composed of vinegar and gall, which they gave to the condemned on the cross, to stupefy them. The drink called sichar, or schekhar, was made of wheat, apples, and palm fruit, which were all boiled together in water, and something like cider.

The sect of the Nazarenes did not drink wine or any other strong liquid. Samson and St. John the Baptist belonged to this sect.

The Hebrews ate beef, mutton, veal, and goat. Lamb was in especial favor. Moses forbade pork, hare, camel, carnivorous birds, most fish, reptiles, and insects. The Hebrews however, were very fond of grasshoppers, of which they ate four kinds; indeed, they are still eaten in some parts of the East, and are said to resemble shrimps.

The Hebrews were also very fond of salad, especially lettuce and endive, which they ate with the Paschal lamb.

Their fruits were dates, grenades, figs, and almonds, oranges, citrons, grapes and apples. Figs were the most plentiful, there being two crops a year.

Grapes were much larger than they are now, though even now a single bunch is often too heavy for one man to carry. Each grape is as large as an ordinary plum.

The Hebrews made broth of various plants, and ate their meat either boiled or roasted. When they boiled their meat they drank the broth of it exactly as we now do.

They used salt, onions, garlic and oil in their cooking. They also made cheese and cakes. The latter were made of wheat flour and were pierced with holes, and steeped in olive oil or honey and then baked.

Beans and lentils were very much prized by the Hebrews, so much so that Esau sold his birthright for a dish of the latter.

The Hebrews knew no other vegetables till they went to Egypt.

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS?—In many a homestead a spider will be allowed to live, as the lord of the manor is convinced that to kill one will surely cause disaster to fall upon himself or family. There is also a superstition, common in many New England States, to the effect that if two persons are walking along hand in hand and meet with a post or any obstacle which causes them to seperate, the one who passes on the right of it will go to Heaven and the other to hell.

Many persons believe that if a rocking chair should commence to rock of itself and there be no one in it there will be a death in the family circle. A needle falling and sticking upward on the floor is supposed to give warning of the approach of a visitor, while a dog sleeping in a room with his nose pointed to the door betokens the death of a friend.

Cats will, it is believed, suck the breath of sleeping persons, and one will never be left in a room where a baby is sleeping. The tendency to invent these beliefs is fast dying out, according to those who have studied the subject, and they give as a reason for this that this is an age of skepticism rather than faith, and that as civilization advances the tendency to investigate all that pertains to the unnatural increases.

Grains of Gold.

Persist not in any known error.

Make no excuse for doing wrong.

Poor pasture is easily overstocked.

Rebuke not thy own frailties in others.

Malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at.

If thou wouldst triumph, overcome thyself.

It is wise, when we know our duty, to do it.

Let no injuries induce thee to commit them.

Many assume virtue's livery, who shun her service.

Men, like watches, should be valued by their goings.

Self conceit is mostly blind to the merit of others, as well as to its own defects.

We never practice a greater cheat on ourselves than when we wish to be thought humble.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages.

When the price of true humility is considered, no wonder it is an article that meets with few purchasers.

Piety which does not sweeten a man's natural temper, may be compared to fruit good in its kind, but unripe.

Good temper, like a day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

Femininities.

The greatest of all poetry is a girl's first love letter.

True humility, is not apt either to give, or take offence.

The shell of a clam reproduced in silver makes a pretty butter dish.

A Chester, Vt., woman dislocated her shoulder in making her bed.

Coil bracelets of gold, simulating skeins of worsted, are an innovation.

In Montana all the servant girls get married shortly after they arrive.

If every man had to follow his own advice, nine out of ten of us would stop giving it.

When a man tells a woman he loves her she thinks it gives her a right to know everything he does.

Apples and bananas constitute a pretty pair of variegated gold cuff links brought out recently.

A good conscience, a good table, a good digestion and a good wife—what better hast thou in thy store, O Heaven!

Mrs. Lizzie Weaver, of Bridgeton, N. J., has, after forty-seven years of labor, finished a crazy quilt of 80,075 patches.

A squirrel of gold, perched on a branch of the same material, with a thistle of diamonds and rubies in its paws, is a unique lace-pin.

"Cigarettes for ladies' smoking" are sold in London, provided with specially prepared mouthpieces. They are perfumed with musk and violets.

Two squirrels, each engaged in gnawing at a nut, with a plain bar resting on their backs, make a silver knife-rest that possesses many attractions.

It has been discovered that kisses—love kisses, we mean—are full of electricity. Now we know why old maids have always called kissing shocking.

A silver napkin ring that is attracting much attention from those artistically inclined represents a broken kettledrum resting on a wrecked gun carriage wheel.

The unwelcome news comes from Northern Maine that the spruce gum supply is giving out, and that in regions usually prolific it cannot now be bought at any price.

An invalid Pittsburg lady says: "During the fifteen or twenty years that I have been confined almost exclusively to my house or my bed I've received no less than three umbrellas as Christmas presents."

An aged woman in Elmwood, near Cincinnati, being taken ill while out driving, requested her driver to take her to the office of an undertaker, whom she knew well. He did so, and she died a few minutes after her arrival.

There is a demand for white flowers at dinner. A combination of snowy bride roses, lilies of the valley and white lilacs with maiden-hair ferns are arranged on a fine white table set with crystal and silver, and lighted by candelabra.

Teacher—"All things that can be seen through are called transparent. Fanny, mention something which is transparent." Fanny—"A pane of glass." Teacher—"Quite correct. Now, Fanny, mention some other object through which you can see." Fanny—"A keyhole."

An indulgent down-town father bought for his 19-months-old boy a hobby horse, a cart, a stuffed monkey, etc. On Christmas morning the little toddler looked at his toys in a matter-of-fact sort of way and then picked two chicken claws from a table and played with them all the morning.

A lady who had so many diamonds she didn't know what to do has originated a novel fashion in utilizing the loose unset gems she possessed. Being seized with necklaces and ornaments without number, she had the extra stones set in the stitching on the backs of her evening gloves.

In Sixth avenue, near Twelfth street, New York, there are two sisters, under 24 years, who conduct a very profitable jewelry business. One is an expert clock-maker, and both repair watches, mend jewelry, set stones and sell goods. They have on an average a proposal of marriage every week.

The Queen's ladies in waiting are beginning to murmur about a dress grievance. They only receive $1,000, and are expected to appear in a new costume at every dinner. The maids are compelled to trim up their old gowns in all possible ways, for the Queen has an eagle eye for old dresses, and hates them.

Her matter of fact Old Father—"Daughter, I do wish you would learn to talk without using so many exclamatories. Everything you speak of is accompanied with 'oh!' 'the idea!' 'great goodness!' or something of the kind." "Why! Goodness gracious, pa! How can I help it? The idea! We girls all talk that way."

Fancy jewel pieces are worn more than ever this winter. Pins and brooches of all styles—birds, beetles, flowers, dragonflies, daggers, swords, heraldic, military, symbolic and other emblems—are stuck here, there and everywhere; in the hair, in the draperies of the bodice, in folds and bows of lace and ribbon, and even in the hat and bonnet.

Hand painted dresses are again popular. The most striking designs are of large flowers in full bloom and of birds of gay plumage. The society painter can here get in some fine work. A very handsome style has a white satin train, with a running vine of sunflowers and leaves. A huge sunflower vine runs from the left shoulder of the low cut waist to the point where it ends in a delicate stem.

"Where is the dashing boarder who used to be the life of the table when I was here before, Mrs. Livermore?" asked an old patron of the house, addressing the landlady. "I married him," was the quiet reply. "Indeed! He was one of the sprightliest fellows I ever met, always bubbling over with spirits and chock full of stories. He's away from home, I suppose; I haven't seen him since I returned." "He's at home; he's never been away." "Indeed! Where is he then?" "He's in the kitchen washing dishes."

Masculinities.

The faulty stands on his guard.

The wise man does a thing first and tells of it afterward.

It takes a pretty woman to find out how nice a mean man can be.

The best covering for a poultice or a mustard paste is tissue paper.

The self made man is frequently exceedingly proud of a very poor job.

Live well to-day and spare your sorrow to him that waits until to-morrow.

The excess of women over men in England and Wales is estimated at 765,000.

Silence as to a man and his deeds will do more to extinguish him than columns of abuse.

"Why is flattery like eau de Cologne?" "Because it is merely to be sniffed at, not swallowed."

At Holbrook, Mass., school children struck against a teacher who had taken a man's job in a recent strike.

There are some persons so gifted in their relations to us that their "How do you do" seems charged with offense.

The busy man may have no time to spare for living, but it is tolerably certain he will have some to spare for dying.

The best and most convenient cover for a jelly tumbler is thin paper fastened over the top of the glass by a rubber band.

Hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

"Death from lead poisoning" is the polite expression used by Colorado juries to specify a gambler's fate in a shooting affray.

We know men who insist at every point upon beating their way through life, but we observe that they all draw the line at a carpet.

Miss Laura—"What a remarkably quiet young man Mr. McNulty is." Atchison—"Do you think so? You ought to hear him eat once!"

Teacher—"What is meant by the expression 'mother tongue?'" Boy—"It means that the old man don't have much to say about the house."

A close personal friend of John D. Rockefeller estimates his wealth at $120,000,000, and predicts that in ten years he will be the richest man on earth.

"Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

Co-education in college is a success, but it isn't so much of a success as it would be if most of the girls who are educated in college were better looking.

Mr. Crooks (to chum)—"So you've been getting married to Maria during my absence? Who was the best man?" Husband (sorrowfully)—"Maria."

If it were only as easy for a man to understand a woman as it is to love her there wouldn't be any "Is Marriage a Failure?" going the uneven rounds of the press.

Wife (at the door)—"Who's there?" Voice—"I am—John—your husband." Wife—"I don't believe you. It doesn't sound like John's voice. Blow your breath through the keyhole, if you please."

Man (to acquaintance)—"I see you had a wedding at your house the other night." Acquaintance—"Yes, a wooden wedding." "Why, I understood your daughter was married." "She was. Married a stick."

Social lines are sharply drawn in Holyoke, Mass. A society directory of that city contains a special list of "families in good standing whose men members do not make ordinary calls in full evening dress."

Yellowly: "It seems strange to me, Brownly, that Whitely enjoys the most perfect health and yet takes no exercise." Brownly: "Nothing strange about it at all. Whitely is too lazy to catch any disease."

Young Wife—"Charley, darling, are you perfectly satisfied with married life?" Young Husband (enthusiastically)—"Well, I should say so. Why, if you were to die to-morrow I believe I would get married again next week."

Guessing the number of seeds in a lemon made lots of fun at a late social gathering. The seeds were finally counted, the guessers' made their declarations, the right number—twenty-five—was propounded, and the winner rewarded with a beautiful vase.

Gertrude (speaking of Beatrice's fiance)—"What will Jack do now that he has inherited all this money?" Beatrice—"Oh, I shall just make him give up all business and—and live like a gentleman, you know." Gertrude (quietly)—"It will be a great change for him."

"Yes, but what am I going to get out of it?" demanded the man who was being worked by the insurance agent. "What are you going to get out of it?" echoed the agent, with a persuasive smile. "You're going to get for your wife a better husband than she has at present. You won't know it, but she will. Come, what do you say?"

Salesman in shoe store (deferentially)—"I hardly think a No. 2, ma'am, will"— Customer (with some asperity)—"That is the size I always wear, sir. If you have none I will go elsewhere." Salesman (equal to the occasion)—"I was speaking of the ordinary No. 2. Here is a fine grade of shoe we call the amplified No. 2." Sells her a pair of fives.

Cremation brings out the fact that there is a time that a man can travel cheaply. It is after he is dead. A postage stamp will take the cremated remains of a human being to any part of the United States. A man about to die has only to mention to his friends the address to which he wishes to be mailed, and he arrives at his destination in good time and in proper shape.

Recent Book Issues.

Hood & Co., of "Hood's Sarsaparilla" fame, have issued in various sizes one of the most beautiful calendars of the year. The subject, a child's head, in bright oil colors, is a perfect work of art.

Of all the floral guides published in this country, that issued by James Vick & Co., Rochester, New York, unquestionably takes the lead. It is not a bare catalogue of flowers, but also contains useful and practical hints for their care and culture.

From Ogilvie & Co., publishers, New York, we have received two very entertaining stories entitled, respectively, "A Strange Conflict" and "A Strange People" by John M. Batchelor. They are full of dramatic interest and action. Nicely printed in large type. Price 50 cents each.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The January number of the *Magazine of American History* begins the twenty-third volume, and it abounds in attractive articles, relating to the heroic past of this country. An admirable portrait of William Cullen Bryant forms the frontispiece accompanying a pleasant sketch of that poet by the editor. Other notable papers, several of them handsomely illustrated, are "Uncle Tom's Cabin and Mrs. Stowe;" Hon. Gerry W. Hazleton's "Federal and Anti-Federal;" Hon. J. W. Gerard's ably-written "Impress of Nationalities upon the City of New York;" "Ralph Izard, the South Carolina Statesman," by Dr. Manigault; "American Republics—Their Differences," by George W. Pavey; and many valuable brief articles add to the interest of this issue of the magazine. There is no publication which approaches this in its scope and excellence, so that it is practically without a rival in its peculiar line. All the departments are fully up to the usual high standard. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The January number of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* is as profusely and artistically illustrated as any of its higher-priced rivals. The complete novel, "Saint Mary of the Angels," is one of much power and interest. It is written by Thomas A. Janvier, and is illustrated. The leading illustrated papers are, "Bouguereau, Artist and Man," by Carroll Beckwith; "Columbia College," by H. H. Boyesen; "Sugar Cane and Sugar Making," by William H. Ballou; "The Development of the Coat and Waistcoat," by Wm. Hamilton Bell; "A Cruise Around Antigua," by Poultney Bigelow; "Famous Beauties," with thirteen portraits, by Elizabeth Bisland; "Blenheim, the famous," by Charles S. Pelham-Clinton; and "The Romantic Story of a Great Corporation," by J. Macdonald Oxley. The "Social Problems," are by E. E. Hale and Wm. Bronson Le Due, and the Book Reviews by George Parsons Lathrop and William S. Walsh. Mayo W. Hazeltine writes about "Thrones that will Totter," and there is a sonnet by Frank Dempster Sherman. Edited by John Brisben Walker, and published in New York.

The January *Eclectic*, the first number of Vol. 50, New Series, has discarded its old cover and comes to us in a new attractive garb. The steel engraving opening the new volume is a picture of "Pisa, Italy." The opening article is Robert Giffen's discussion of Monometallism and the Silver Problem. Lady Gaskell contributes a very sensible paper on the "Women of To-day." Mrs. Lockey furnishes a highly readable paper entitled "The Gardens of Pompeii." We have from the great Murray himself, an account of the beginning of the world famous guide-book to European countries, familiarly known as "Murray." An article on "Rabies," by Louis Pasteur, will be read with the deepest interest, Professor A. H. Sayce is the author of an excellent paper on "Ancient Arabia," and Sir Morell Mackenzie on "The Dreadful Revival of Leprosy." Vernon Lee and Madame Darmesteter relate two charming old Christmas legends. Sir Joseph Fayrer writes on "The Venomous Snakes of India." Max Muller contributes "What to do with old People." Other interesting articles will also attract the reader. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE.—An old furniture repairer states that much of the furniture in antique styles now in the market, and too often sold as "veritable antique," is made of unmistakably old, well-seasoned, and sound wood by clever workmen who know how to apply chemicals which have the effect of "ageing" the completed article until it may readily deceive even an expert.

But, unfortunately, some of these cunning cabinet makers are not always scrupulous enough to have their claw-footed chairs, cabinets, and so forth made of old wood, but work up fresh young maple or oak, and stain or color in such a way that you would believe the article a century old. Some of the purchasers of these wonder why they snap and crack as they stand in their rooms. By-and-by the veneering scales off, and the joints draw apart, and the thing is ready for repairs.

THEY who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them.

AN AGGRAVATING SORE THROAT is soon relieved by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an old-time remedy for Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

TAKE the case of the remarkable child who was born at Lubeck on Feb. 6, 1721, and who died there on June 27, 1735. In his brief life the boy learnt and did so much that, if his history were not vouched for by the most unimpeachable testimony, one would refuse to believe a word of it.

At ten months old he began to speak. At the end of his first year he knew the leading incidents in the Pentateuch. At the end of fourteen months he had mastered everything in the Bible. At two years and seven months he had a comprehensive knowledge of geography and ancient and modern history, and understood Latin; and before he was three he could speak French, and had burdened his little brain with the genealogies of the leading houses in Europe.

He spent the greater part of his fourth year in Denmark, where he was received by the king and royal family. Returning to Lubeck, he learnt in a few days to write; but, soon afterwards, he fell ill and never recovered. So feeble was he that he could only be weaned a few months before his death.

Then, again, there is the case of the Venetian boy, Jacopo Morini, who, in his seventh year, maintained theological, legal, and medical discussions with an assembly of learned cardinals.

Ferdinand Cordone was an older phenomenon than either of the above, but not a less remarkable one. In 1645, when he was only twenty, he knew most of the Bible by heart; spoke Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic with fluency; was an authority on civil and canon law; and had at his fingers' ends everything that had been written on theology, by Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Alexander of Hales, and Saint Bonaventure.

He had also produced a commentary on St. John's Revelation; could print, sing, and play most instruments; was a notable athlete; and had gained a reputation as a courtier and a soldier.

Very similar in attainments to Cordone was Baron Helmfeld, a Swede, who died in 1674 at the age of twenty-three. At twenty he spoke ten languages, and was generally appealed to on questions of law, philosophy, and mathematics. The Royal Society of London conferred the Fellowship on him when he was only seventeen; and at nineteen he was a judge at Wismar. When he died there was a public mourning.

Similar, too, was Jean Philippe Barratier, the son of a French Protestant pastor, although young Barratier only lived till his ninth year. At three he read well; at three years and three months he began to learn Latin; at four he spoke Latin with ease; at four and a half he began Greek; in five months he could read translate the New Testament; and at five he began Hebrew. He acquired it with extraordinary facility.

In his seventh year he knew the Psalms by heart in their original; and he was attaining some distinction as a Biblical critic when he died.

Of infant mathematical geniuses, we have had a striking example in England in Bidder, "the calculating boy." Unlike most precocious children, he lived to be a distinguished man; and, ere he died in 1878, he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had been President of the Institute of Civil Engineers for the year 1860-61.

Three children, equally remarkable, lived in Sicily some sixty years ago—Vincenzo Zucchero, Ignacio Laudolina, and Guiseppe Pugilsi. The eldest, although he was not ten when the best known account of him was published, was an extraordinary mathematician, and was regarded with respect by the great Professor Nobili. The youngest, who was only seven, could do the most marvelous mental calculations with lightning-like rapidity. What became of these children has not been recorded.

Some instances of remarkable physical precocity among children are curious and little known. A boy born at Canors, in 1753, measured 5 ft. 3 in. high at the age of five years and two months, when he possessed a deep bass voice, and was so strong as to be able to lift a 50 lb. weight with one hand. He lived to be thirty-nine. Another physically precocious child was alive in 1695 at St. Claude. At five months old he could run: in his fourth year his voice "broke;" in his seventh year he had a good beard; and in his tenth year he looked like a grown man.

At versailles, in 1735, there was living a boy who, in his eleventh month, was four and a half feet high and forty inches round the chest. All his limbs were in proportion, and he could stand firmly, but neither walk nor talk.

He was taken to Brussels and there exhibited, but he appears to have soon died.

A boy who, at the age of four, was shown to the members of the French Academy was then 3 ft. 6 in. high and proportionately strong; but in the following year he only grew 3½ inches, and he never exceeded the height of 5 ft. 2 in.

A boy of Prague, also, although at the age of four he had a beard, developed into nothing unusual. Indeed, as a rule, the infant phenomenon, mental or physical, if he grows up at all, is scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary run of mortals.

Henry Betty, the "Infant Roscius," was a good actor as a child, but an indifferent one as a man. Only among musical geniuses are exceptions at all common. Mozart and Handel were infant prodigies, and so were many other composers; but infant precocity usually, save when it has a musical bent, exhausts itself early.

INTELLECTUAL ENDOWMENTS.—In the prosecuting of an object, it often happens that the means employed, or some concatenation of circumstances lead unexpectedly to results not considered and of immeasureably more importance than the end originally proposed; and that, while the ostensible end may turn out to be a failure or of doubtful benefit, some real good, some lasting advantage, shall be brought out and given a direction and course by the exercise of the ability or the energy of the agents employed. The mind can scarcely work on given materials without making some discovery. In this sense Socrates adopted the line of Hesiod: Employ thyself in anything rather than stand idle. Many of the most distinguished men in every branch of renown have risen in the teeth of circumstance, cleaving their way upwards with lightning stroke, though perhaps inadequately appreciated in their own lifetime. The bias of a man's nature gives the bias of his life. Some men of ordinary intellects, but of great force of character, and firm resolves make their mark by dint of energy and self-reliance; overtake sluggards and wayfarers of greater abilities who wait for the time and occasion to raise them and make them foremost. Such class of men will stand on the brink, while others have crossed the river and won the laurels. Some men are possessed with natural endowments which guide and direct them unconsciously to the highest achievements. Mozart, with that passionate heart of his, rushes to music almost ere he could speak. Haydn heard his finest passage, in a dream. The great Beethoven composed after he was deaf, Cromwell, Chatham, Wellington, and the greatest of all Napoleon, rose into their true sphere of action without an effort. L. G. W.

GATHERING EIDER DOWN.—The eider duck constitutes the wealth, and may be said to make the prosperity, of the Icelanders. The islands, Videy, Fingey, and Ahrey, in front of the harbor, not far from Reykjavik, are the favorite haunts of the ducks. Here they pair and make their nests every year about the beginning of June.

When the busy female has chosen the place where she wishes to lay her eggs, she plucks from her plumage the feathers which she uses to line the bottom and sides of her nest; then she generally lays six eggs—rarely more.

During this time the drake, like the good father of a family that he is, ceases not for a moment to keep a watchful eye on his consort, and fetches her back instantly if she gives the slightest indication of wishing to take a walk.

The next day the owner of the land comes and carries away at the same time both the down and the eggs. The unfortunate couple, which sometimes make a stout resistance, clinging to the clothes of the robber with their beaks, go off a short distance and begin again; but the man comes once more, and take the precious deposit. The indefatigable mother goes to work anew, and this time only a few of the eggs are taken; for if all were removed from the nest the depredator, in daring too much, would lose all. But this reserve is made solely as regards the eggs, for the down is removed once every week, and the poor mother continues to strip herself, until she finds herself so bare that she has no longer the wherewithal to line the moist hole containing her eggs. The male, squatted near her, then comes to her assistance, and he too strips himself of his plumage, a quality of down that the Icelanders distinguish easily from that of the female, because it is white, and taken from the creature's sides.

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OUR citizens are delighted with Salvation Oil. They never had so good a pain-remedy.

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"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

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Jan. 14, '88.

DR. RADWAY. I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

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THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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FEVER AND AGUE,

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it in chill and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty Cents per bottle Sold by druggists.

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Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

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Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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Dear Sir—I would not be without your Pills and your Ready Relief. They save me many a doctor's bill. MRS. M. GIFFORD.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

'Twas the clipping from a paper
Telling of some funny caper
On the stage;
So I read it every letter,
Saying that I'd seen no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there;
But in smiling contemplation
Of the humorist's creation,
Rich and rare.

As I looked I know I started
And the smile from lips departed;
For I saw,
Printed there in uncut column,
Notices of death, sad solemn,
Full of awe.

So, I thought, come grief and pleasure,
Meted out with equal measure;
You may laugh,
Though some other one be wailing;
For the tear is smile's unfailing
Other half.

—U. N. None.

A man's hair is a good deal like a man himself. After a certain age it ceases to come to the front.

Although a rupee is worth only half a dollar, a lack of rupees is to be preferred to a lack of dollars.

"Did you scribble that on the fence, Tommy?" "Me?" said Tommy, contemptuously; "do you think I'd use chalk on a fence when I own a knife?"

He: "Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?" She—"Go orge, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills!"

"The Herr Baron is not at home, but you can leave your bill if you chose." Bill? I haven't any bill. I only meant—" "No bill? Then you must have made a mistake in the house."

There is something solemn in the tones of a great bell striking midnight, especially if you are a mile from home and know that your wife is sitting behind the hall door waiting for you.

By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a bear. "What were your thoughts when bruin commenced to squeeze?" was his inquiry. "Oh, Charlie, I thought of you!"

Their first and only chance. First man, excitedly—"Our boarding-house is afire!" Second Man, calmly—"Come, then, hurry up, and perhaps we may be able to get something hot."

Patient: "That medicine you gave me for my cold, doctor, cured me entirely." Doctor, in surprise—"Did it? Well, blamed if I don't believe I'll try it myself. I can't get rid of mine."

"A good memory is a blessing," says a writer. And it may be remarked that it is one that wealth cannot buy. Just look at the man who becomes suddenly rich. He cannot even remember the faces of his old friends.

Lawyer: "You say you think the witness is a wholesale liar. What do you mean by a wholesale liar?" Witness—"Well he is a man who wouldn't tell a single lie for a nickle, but would tell a dozen for half a dollar."

Teacher, at the mission Sunday school: "Yes, children, Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but not one of them dared touch him—" Pupil, scornfully—"Aw, dat's nuthin'; I seen a duck do that act in the cirkis last year."

Mamma: "Well, Willie, what good resolve are you going to make for the new year?" Willie—"I won't fight with Johnny any more." Mamma: "I'm very glad my little son sees how wrong and sinful it is to fight." Willie—"Yes'm. He always licks me."

Smith, at the circus: "Never too old for the circus, eh, Brown?" Brown: "I don't care anything about it myself; but somebody had to come with the boy." "Is that your boy?" "Well—er—no; my boy was taken ill at the last moment, poor little chap, and so I brought a neighbor's. Ah, me! we were all young once, Smith."

The old lady from the country had priced nearly everything on the 10-cent counter and the salesman was growing a little weary of her custom. At length she reached for a bunch of wire tea-strainers and asked: "Land! What's them fer?" "Those are muzzles for Bologna sausages, ma'am, to keep 'em from biting each other."

Mr. Rambo had emptied his second glass and was setting it down when he discovered he had spilled some of the beer on his coat. "It won't hurt your clothes," the barkeeper assured him; "beer, in fact, is a good cloth-cleaner. It will take out spots of most any kind." "Is that so?" said Mr. Rambo, eagerly. "Give me another glass. I've got freckles."

John: "Clara, I've got an important question to ask you." Clara: "I know what it is, You want me to be your wife. I dreamed it. Well, take me," John, rather nonplussed: "You dreamed it?" Clara: "Yes, I dreamed last night that you asked me what I am asking you, and that you took me in your arms and kissed me after I said you—" What could John do?

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

MR. EDITOR:

I bought one of Griffith's machines for plating with gold, silver or nickel, and it works to perfection. No sooner did people hear of it than I had more spoons, knives, forks and jewelry than I could plate in a month. The first week I cleared $31.50, the first month $167.85 and I think by July first I will have $1,000 cash and give my farm considerable attention too. My daughter made $27.40 in four days. Any person can get one of these machines by sending $10 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, O., or can obtain circulars by addressing them. You can learn to use the machine in one hour. As this is my first lucky streak, I give my experience, hoping others may be benefited as much as I have been.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
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No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

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Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or tt, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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We know the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Co. to be a thoroughly reliable firm and advise our readers to accept their offer. Editor.

Latest Fashion Fancies.

The most fashionable fur this season is undoubtedly beaver, which, by all who can afford it, will be worn as a trimming for mantles and dresses, and in the form of perierines, mantelets, capes and muffs. Real beaver is, however, a costly fur, and an economical substitute for it is often used; this, called Neutria, is a genuine fur and closely resembles beaver, although it is less rich and deep. Otter is also used, but it has not the depth and lustre of beaver, although still a very handsome fur.

Astrakan and Persian lamb, especially in black, are immensely employed in ornamenting jackets, and will be used to a large extent for dresses, but it is not a favorite fur for mantles.

The lovely, long, white, fleecy Mongolian lamb is a charming trimming for opera cloaks, and less showy and more useful wraps for evening wear, made of plain or brocbe colored cloth, have the collar and fronts lined with this fur and then turned back over the under-fronts. Boas are also made of Mongolian lamb, and are very pretty and decidedly becoming.

Blue fox has been so badly and cheaply imitated, that this beautiful and costly fur is no longer fashionable, but a great deal of Siberian fox is used for the collars and for ornamenting the fronts of long cloaks lined with fur, or with quilted silk. As the fur is effective and not expensive, the mantles are sold at very reasonable prices, in black and colored cloth, either in plain colors or broche.

Natural lynx, Isoline, a species of goat skin with long, light-colored hair, and bear are all used as trimmings, and for boas, which are very long and either round, or shaped like a deep collar at the back, with long narrow ends in front, generally flat like the collar.

Round capes are quite out of date, and the new substitutes for them are an immense improvement on the old shape—the most disfiguring kind of garment a woman could wear.

There are several of these new shapes, but the most becoming is the Cerealia, in beaver, otter, sealskin, or other fur. It is a pointed pelerine, longer in front, where it has short mantelet ends, than at the back, and with a Medici collar, more or less high according to taste. The Idalia is a large collar with long boa ends, which looks remarkably well in lynx, bear, and other long haired furs. Another becoming and stylish shape is a pelerine much raised at the shoulders and finished off with an Elizabethan collar.

Sealskin jackets are chiefly made with straight fronts, longer than the back, which fits the figure neatly like a cloth jacket. They are generally quite plain, but some few have revers and a collar of beaver. Sealskin jackets are also made with a diagonal opening, the right side buttoned over on to the left, close to to the throat.

Muffs have very much increased in size. The most fashionable are very large, and made of wolf-skin, a beautiful deep fur in a dull shade of white, tipped with dark brown. Boas are also made of wolf-skin, which is the most striking novelty in furs of the season.

Very elegant morning dresses are made of voile or surah with accordion-pleated pleated skirts, sometimes bordered with bands of ribbon, or edged with lace. The full jacket bodice is tucked all around the neck and shoulders like a rounded yoke. The fulness is drawn in with close pleats at the waist, back and front; in front a ribbon sash is fastened on just beyond the group of pleats, and tied over them. The basque falls in a long point in front, and is embroidered all round the edge. The collar is cut and tucked with the jacket, and forms a bouillonne and frill, drawn in with ribbon above a lace jabot that covers the fastening to the waist. The sleeves are in accordion pleats, shorter on the inside of the arm than at the back, and embroidered at the edge. The upper part is drawn up at the shoulder to form a narrow puff and high pleated heading, standing up above the shoulder and narrowing till it finally disappears under the arm.

Accordion pleats are more than ever in vogue for indoor dresses. A charming model is in the palest grey peau de soie and crepe de Chine to match. The front and back of the silk foundation skirt are covered with accordion pleatings of crepe de Chine; over this is a species of redingote of peau de soie, the bodice open to the waist, front and back, over pleated plastrons of crepe, the sides forming plain wide panels. The tight-fitting under-sleeve is of pleated crepe, the full over-sleeve of peau de soie.

Newest and most magnificent amongst all the beautiful fabrics, are the silk and satin brocatelles with the pattern raised in relief by means of a padding secured between the upper and under surfaces of the material. These are chiefly in plain colors and in large patterns, and they are mostly used for mantles, in black, brown, green, grey, etc; they are sumptuous fabrics for the purpose; shot brocatelles are another variety.

Similar effects are also produced in smaller Dubarry patterns, with raised colored flowers on a light or differently colored ground; these are too thick for a tightly fitting corsage.

Large patterns and rather brilliant colors prevail in the new satin brocades; thus we find red wild-roses and a pale orange-colored ribbon on a very light mauve satin ground, with scattered sprays in a darker shade of mauve, or a gorgeous pattern of tropical flowers and foliage on a red satin ground. Quieter tastes are, however, also catered for, and not the least magnificent brocades are those in one color, with broad broche satin stripes on a pale pink or blue faille ground. the pattern consisting of flowers on a fancy stripe, or those in equally delicate colors with the large but light design of foliage in white and a darker shade of the ground. Exquisite patterns are again in the palest shades of pink and green on a white ground, giving an opaline effect, or in velvet, beautifully shaded, on a ground to correspond. Striped Louis XV. and XVI. brocades are also to be worn, as are black brocades, with the design outlined and shaded with old gold and brown.

Broche crepe de Chine, in self colors, is the loveliest of all the new fabrics for evening wear; the patterns are of various kinds, stripes, large sprays of flowers, or bold conventional designs, which are the most effective of all.

More generally useful than these are the mixed silk and wool brocades prepared for the tabliers of dresses; many of these are exceedingly rich, and velvet bands are introduced in the design with capital effect. The materials are always made sufficiently wide for the narrow borders at the sides to be removed to form a trimming for the corsage, and yet leave the centre the proper width for the panel. In nearly all cases the ground of the material is a woollen diagonal, more or less fine.

A brown material has the centre and side bands in black poplin, with a pretty light pattern in light brown silk, and bands of black velvet up the centre of the tablier. A green diagonal has the broche pattern in light green silk on a flecked poplin ground, with narrow bands of green velvet up the centre, while another green diagonal, even handsomer than the last, has a superb broche pattern of leaves and grasses in two shades of green silk; the pattern appears in this as if embroidered in a number of different stitches. These and other patterns are carried out in many shades of half-blues and half-greens, shades that it is a pleasure to see but impossible to describe.

Odds and Ends.

CHOCOLATE.

Americans, unlike the French, rarely indulge in chocolate as a morning beverage. They drink it at luncheon or tea time, but few commence the day with it. Lately chocolate in the afternoon has become fashionable—hot in winter, and iced in summer; but, easy as it is to make, one does not often meet with it in perfection.

To make a breakfast cup of chocolate, a full half ounce is required, and, if water is used, a tablespoonful of whipped cream should be piled on the top before serving; even if made with milk the cream is a decided improvement.

Chocolate is also much nicer if whisked over the fire whilst heating. Some people whisk in the yolk of an egg as soon as the chocolate is boiling, removing it from the fire, and continuing the frothing for a minute or two.

Chocolate Pudding.—Warm half pint of milk, stir into it one-quarter pound of grated chocolate, and five ounces of crumbled sponge biscuits; stir all over the fire till dissolved, turn it into a basin and leave till cool. Then mix in two ounces of castor sugar, and the beaten yolks of three eggs; whisk the whites to a froth and mix them in. Pour the mixture into a buttered mould, and steam for one and a half hours. Stale bread can be used instead of sponge biscuits, if preferred. Serve the pudding with whipped cream or chocolate sauce, made with half a pint of milk, two ounces of chocolate, a little sugar, and a flavouring of vanilla.

Chocolate and Suet Pudding.—Mix one-quarter pound of grated chocolate and one-quarter pound of finely chopped suet; add one-quarter pound of flour, and two ounces of moist sugar. Beat up two eggs in a teacupful of milk, and stir them into the other ingredients. Pour the mixture into a buttered mould, and steam for one and a half hours. Serve with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Pudding.—Boil one-half pound of stale bread in one pint of milk, stirring it all the time; add a small pat of butter, three ounces of sugar, and two ounces of grated chocolate and a little vanilla essence. Remove it from the fire, mix in the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, then the whites whisked to a froth. Put the mixture in a buttered pie-dish, and bake in a moderate oven.

Put one ounce of butter in a saucepan, warm it, then mix in three tablespoonfuls of flour, and sufficient boiling milk to make a thick paste. Stir in, one at a time, three yolks of eggs, then two ounces of grated chocolate, and the whites of the eggs whisked to a stiff froth. Steam in a buttered mould, and serve with chocolate sauce.

Rub up one and a half ounce of flour with half a pint of milk; when smooth, add four ounces of grated chocolate, three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt. Boil these over the fire, stirring all the time, then turn it into a basin. When cool, beat in six yolks of eggs, then their whites whisked to a froth. Put the mixture into a well-buttered mould and steam for one hour.

Chocolate Cream.—Grate three ounces of chocolate, mix with two ounces of caster sugar, add one quart of milk flavored with vanilla: stir the mixture over the fire till it just boils. Remove it from the fire, stir in one-half ounce of dissolved and strained isinglass, pour it into a mould previously dipped in cold water, and put it in a cold place to set. Serve with whipped cream.

Mix the chocolate, sugar, and half a pint of milk; stir over the fire till boiling, then pour it into a basin; stir in the isinglass and one pint of whipped cream; pour it into a mould.

Grate four ounces of chocolate, mix with one quart of milk, sugar to taste, and the yolks of four eggs. Put this in a jug in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir it over the fire till it thickens, taking care that it does not boil; then turn it into a basin, stir in one-half ounce of dissolved and strained isinglass, and pour it into a mould.

Chocolate Souffle.—Soak the crumbs of a French roll in milk, squeeze it out, beat it up till quite light, then beat in two ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, and the well-beaten yolks of five eggs. When well mixed, add three ounces of grated chocolate and the well-whisked whites of the eggs. Beat till light, pour the mixture into a small buttered tin, and put it at once in a brisk oven. Do not open the oven door for at least ten minutes.

Baked Chocolate Custard.—Grate four ounces of chocolate, mix with it two ounces of blanched and pounded almonds, five ounces of caster sugar, and the well-beaten yolks of six eggs. Beat all together for some minutes, then whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, beat them in, pour into a buttered mould, and bake at once.

Chocolate Cake.—Grate one-quarter pound of chocolate into a basin and stand it in the oven till hot. Cream one-quarter pound of butter, beat into it one-quarter pound of caster sugar, two and one-half ounces of flour, the chocolate, the beaten yolks of three eggs, and a small teaspoonful of baking powder, then add the whites of the eggs, previously whisked to a froth. Pour the mixture into a buttered tin, or a tin with buttered paper round it, and bake in a brisk oven.

Chocolate Biscuits.—Whisk the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, mix in lightly two and one-half ounces of grated chocolate, one and one-half ounce of fine flour, and one ounce of caster sugar. Drop the mixture in small heaps on a sheet of paper, and bake for a few minutes in a brisk oven.

Chocolate Cakes with Almonds.—Whisk the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, then stir in lightly two ounces of grated chocolate, two ounces of blanched and pounded almonds, one ounce of caster sugar, and a little powdered cinnamon. Drop the mixture in small heaps on a buttered tin or sheet of paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

"WHAT a lot of bright ideas you have, lovely!" exclaimed the young wife, admiringly to her husband. "But I haven't such bright eyes, dear, as you!" exclaimed the young husband to his wife. And then the family cat got up disgusted from her warm resting place by the sitting-room fire, and walked solemnly and slowly out into the open air.

Confidential Correspondents.

W. S. T.—See answer to D. K.

RALPH T.—To temper clay for moulding purposes, mix the water with about one quarter of its bulk of liquid glycerine, more or less, according to the plastic condition of the clay required and time of drying.

BROOKS.—Orange flowers are emblematical of chastity, and are therefore appropriately worn by a bride. We get the custom from the French, who from time immemorial have used orange-blossoms to crown the bride.

VALERIE.—Probably the condition of your hands will alter as you grow older; for the excessive perspiration, dip them frequently in a solution of alum and water. The discomfort of red and hot hands, as well as cold ones, is often due to defective circulation.

DAN DANCER.—In some places it is considered unlucky to give a pin to anyone; it must be taken by the person who asks for it. The origin of the notion is lost, like a good many other superstitions that have come down to the present generation from the "dark ages."

C. B.—The fact of animal magnetism may not perhaps be developed, nor even well defined, but it is undoubtedly well established. There is a hospital where it is used as a curative; and we know one or two private gentlemen who assure us that they exercise great power that way.

PUZZLE.—You had better put the young man out of your head, and wait for the right one to come along. If he has not spoken, or made any advances in two years, it is plain he does not mean to do so. The shyest of men would have hardly been so long in speaking, if he had intended to do it.

A. B.—The back stairs in a palace are those leading to domestic offices and to the private apartments. The page is a confidential gentleman attendant, who admits the private friends of the monarch, or who sees that none approach him or her. The page of the back stairs, under Charles II, was put to vile uses in admitting very questionable people.

A NON.—Planchette has nothing to do with spiritualism. It is a little instrument that goes upon wheels, and has a black-lead pencil, with which it writes replies to questions put to it; but this, you may readily imagine, can only be done by the skilful management of one of the persons who is engaged to play with it. You can get it at some of the toy-shops.

L. B. G.—The popular expression about "McGinty" originated in a variety song, lately sung in the leading cities. The song tells about the various doings of a man named "McGinty" who after tumbling off a ladder, dropping into a coal-hole and other accidents, at last tumbles to the bottom of the sea, and has not, according to the song, been found yet. This is all there is in it.

JENNIE S.—The first Paryne was an Athenian courtesan, who lived about 335, B. C. Her statue, by Praxiteles, was placed in the temple of Delphis. The name of Phryne was taken as a glorious title by the courtesan Mnesareta, who would have been condemned at Athens for the crime of impiety, but Hyperides, her counsel, removing the drapery which covered her, exposed such marvellous beauty, that the judges acquitted her. This second Phryne is the one that the picture you have seen, which is painted by Gerome, refers to.

DAVID'S.—No one can decide the question but yourself. If you are sure of yourself and your affection for the young man, and you have no friends to interfere, it would seem as if your right course was to keep your promise to him and go with him to the new home that he is to make for you in the West. It will be a rough life for a time, but a few years industry will render you independent. Your mistress has hardly a right to expect you to allow your future husband to go alone for the sake of keeping a good servant for a few months while she goes abroad.

D. K.—"The language of the postage stamp" differs so much in various places that it really amounts to nothing. The basis of it is this: Take the four corners of the letter; then give any meaning agreed upon to the stamp when placed on any particular corner. For instance one corner means "Yes" another "No;" a third "Will you correspond?" a fourth "Did you get my previous letter?" In addition to this the stamp being placed upside down, crossways or cornerwise can also be given any particular meaning the parties corresponding may agree upon giving it. There is nothing in it in any way and is hardly worth the trouble of being curious about.

CLARENCE J.—Philippine, also called Philopena, the first pronounced Philipeen, is the name of a custom which originated in Germany, where the word is spelt "Vielliebchen," and may be rendered well-beloved. The German word, is sounded Feel-leab-'yen, hence our Philippine. Those who fancy they can see better through a millstone than their neighbors, use the word Philopena, which is also found in some dictionaries, and there derived from an ill-assorted union of the Greek word "philos," a friend, and the Latin "poena," a penalty; but such mixed derivations are absurd, however learned they may appear. In some places it is customary, when an almond or a nut contains a double kernel, for two persons, usually of opposite sexes, each to eat one. The next time they meet, the first who exclaims "Philipeen," or "Philopena," is entitled to a present from the other. Hence those words have found admission into our language.

HORSESHOE.—Moorish architecture is a development of the religion of Mahomet; indeed, all architecture carries with it a tincture of the faith and character of the people who invent and use it. Thus the Gothic symbolizes the irregular, bold, aspiring, and almost illimitable ideas of the Teutonic peoples; the Grecian the compact, finished, beautiful, and yet limited or self-contained intellect of the Greeks. So with the Moorish, the arch round and strong was adapted from the plain Roman arch, expanded to become more ornamental; and the ornament of the walls, formed an infinite number of geometrical lines and figures, arose from the curse which Mahomet has so continually pronounced upon the sacrilegious Turk, who dares make an image of anything on the earth, above it, below it, or in the water under the earth. As the Grecians found expression for art by filling their temples with splendid images of their gods, and raising statues of their heroes, who in turn became demi-gods; so the Mahometans, denied the power of image of figure-making, found expression for the art in form and color.